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THE TIDE OF PROTEST against the President's naval program continues to rise, and it is now admitted by the jingo House Naval Affairs Committee, headed by that remarkable Quaker, Congressman Butler of Pennsylvania, that virtually the entire program asked by the General Board and indorsed by President Coolidge must be abandoned. This is a gratifying sign of an awakened public opinion. It looks as if the number of cruisers to be authorized would be fifteen, instead of the twenty-five asked, while the thirty-two submarines will not be authorized, the number of aircraft carriers will be cut to one or two, and the destroyer-leaders reduced to one. Further, the committee has receded from the position it took last month that whatever ships were authorized should be pushed to completion by a given date, thus giving the President no power to stop construction. This is a great step forward. The jingoes are also discovering how weak a reed Mr. Coolidge is to lean upon, for they are confronted at every turn with the President's assertion in his message of 1926 that "no navy in the world, with one exception, approaches ours, and none surpasses it." The reading of this to the House Committee by a protesting clergyman led Representative Woodruff, Republican, of Michigan, to declare that when the President wrote that he did not know what he was talking about. If this was treason in his own party camp, we go a step further. We maintain that Mr. Coolidge has never known from month to month what he was talking about, for his whole record on this navy question is one of contradiction and of blowing hot and cold.

THE MOST SENSATIONAL DEVELOPMENT of the navy situation is, however, the declaration of a British technical journal of high authority, the *Engineer*, that the reason for the admiralty's abandoning its plan to build two 10,000-ton cruisers is the decision of the leading British experts that cruisers are an inefficient type of warship. Says the *Engineer:*

> Proportionate to their size they are the most vulnerable warships ever built. It is difficult to see how they could survive a determined attack on them, the success of which would involve not merely the loss of a costly ship, but the lives of seven hundred people crowded into her fragile hull. No wonder, then, that most naval opinion in every country but the United States favors the reversion to a more reasonable type of cruiser.

Our British contemporary need not wonder about the United States. Ever since the new American navy was founded we have copied foreign methods and plans. As far back as 1915 the head of our submarine flotilla testified that he wanted larger submarines, and when asked by the House Naval Committee why he wanted submarines of that particular size could give no other answer than that the Navy Department understood that the new German U-boats were of that type. He admitted that he had never seen any plans of them or made any study as to whether the boats of that type were adapted to our coast and our fleet needs. The United States Navy, we prophesy, will abandon the 10,000-ton cruisers just as soon as it finally hears that foreign experts think them of no value. Yet it was about the 10,000-ton cruisers, as well as the 8-inch guns, that the whole controversy at Geneva raged, and because of disagreement on them the conference adjourned with the British and American delegates equally disgraced.

MR. HUGHES'S ELOQUENCE in the closing days of the Havana Conference apparently stopped a growing landslide of opposition to the privilege of intervention claimed by the United States. A subcommittee had rejected the weasel-worded text offered by Dr. Maurtua of Peru; unanimous agreement was equally impossible upon the Rio de Janeiro text, which flatly banned intervention. Dr. Guerrero of Salvador brought up the Rio text at a plenary session, and asked for a vote. A dozen delegations expressed their approval. It took the full force of Mr. Hughes's magnetic personality to prevent what would have been a sweeping condemnation of United States policy. Even the Latin yields to the moral vigor of Mr. Hughes's eloquent self-righteousness. The United States spokesman had no doubt as he spoke that God was with him. Unfortunately for the second thoughts of the Latin delegates,


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God was not in his logic. "What are we to do when government breaks down?" he cried. "Are we to see our American citizens butchered?" To such floods of emotional oratory the only answer is calm fact. There was no threat of butchery when Wilson landed troops in Vera Cruz, no pretense that an American hair was threatened when he took over the administration of Haiti and of the Dominican Republic, nor even when Admiral Latimer on Christmas Eve, 1926, seized Puerto Cabezas, clapped down a censorship, and announced neutral zones that prevented further Sacasa victories in Nicaragua. Mr. Hughes's speech sounded well, and apparently its emotional quality cowed the delegates of the Latin Governments, but it was totally irrelevant. We do not intervene to protect lives; the primary concern of the State Department, and the cause of our military policing, is property.

QUITE PROPERLY the House committee dealing with the question of Mississippi River control has reported to the House of Representatives a bill which in its every aspect throws overboard the recommendations of the Army engineers which were approved by President Coolidge and transmitted by him to Congress for action. Never, in our judgment, will the Congress have disregarded one of President Coolidge's recommendations to better purpose than if this bill should become law. Primarily the committee has decided that the federal government shall bear the entire cost of the new flood-control work, whereas Mr. Coolidge and the engineers wished to assess 20 per cent of the cost upon the stricken States. Next, the committee has raised the sum to be spent from $290,400,000 to $473,000,000, and thirdly, the proposed bill sets up a flood-control commission of seven members, to include civilian engineers and scientists, whereas the Administration plans only to continue to intrust the work to the army engineers, with the Mississippi River Commission as an advisory body. This is genuine statesmanship; the army engineers having blundered in their levee plan during all these years ought certainly not to be given complete control of the new work, and are properly relegated to a minority position in the new commission, which will take the place of the old one as soon as the bill becomes law.

OF COURSE, there will be a great outcry from the Administration about the greatly increased cost and its effect upon the economy program, but the last man to remonstrate on that score should be President Coolidge with his ill-digested and incessantly changing naval increase proposals which, if adopted, would waste $750,000,000, for no constructive purpose. Finally, the Senate committee has demanded the attendance of Herbert Hoover. This is hard for a candidate who has tried to dodge the issue, although he had charge of the flood-relief work, has a great reputation as an engineer, and might be expected to have decided ideas as to what form the permanent prevention of further disasters should take. But the difficulty for this compromiser has been that Mr. Coolidge wanted the States to bear part of the cost, and the river States felt that the federal government should assume the entire burden, as the House committee has now decided that it should. Now if Mr. Hoover appears this week before the Senate committee and declares against the President, his course cannot be expected to make the White House more enthusiastic for Mr. Hoover's candidacy. If, on the other hand, he should stand with the President, the Southern States will rise as one man against him, and it may not be as easy to obtain the votes of their delegates to the Republican Convention. Life is hard for the politician, especially when he is a member of a Cabinet and without the courage of his convictions.

NOW THAT WINTER is almost over, and the Colorado coal strike has passed its peak, the federal courts have begun to function again in that State. When conditions were acute miners were locked up and held incomunicado without charges; but Judge J. Foster Symes has just ruled that neither the Governor, the Adjutant General, nor the National Guard has any right to hold men without charges or admission to bond. Accordingly four strike sympathizers, including our correspondent, Frank L. Palmer, have been released from illegal detention, but without compensation. Another United States district judge, Frank H. Kerrigan, has helped reestablish respect for law and decency in California. Although the Chinese population of the United States has been declining decade by decade the immigration authorities at San Francisco have a habit of annoying Chinese merchants and students arriving at that port in quite uncalled-for fashion. It usually costs a Chinese more in time and in money to get from Angel Island, in San Francisco Bay, to the mainland, than it does to travel from Hongkong to Angel Island. Even after landing Chinese are subjected to unusual bureaucratic persecution. One Chinese student who was deported not long ago—his friends say because of his revolutionary sympathies—was executed on arrival in North China. Somewhat later Tsiang Hsi-tseng, a student, was arrested, charged at first with being "red." He had applied for admission to Columbia University, but pending decision he was held in San Francisco. As a non-quota immigrant he could remain here only as a student. Detention in San Francisco cost him his student status, and when their first charge fell through the bullying immigration authorities sought to deport him as no longer a bona-fide student. Judge Kerrigan, however, held that "the rule cannot be construed to require them to do more than in good faith to try to continue their studies."

GOVERNOR ED JACKSON of Indiana, charged with conspiracy to bribe, has been acquitted upon order of the presiding judge because there was no evidence that he had sought to keep the crime dark. Judge McCabe may have been legally correct in asserting that the statute of limitations had run, that Governor Jackson had not been indicted within two years of the commission of his crime, that there had been no evidence of continuing conspiracy to conceal the act, and that therefore under the laws of Indiana there was no ground for conviction. But what an appalling garbage-heap is Indiana politics if such a governor can profit by such a plea, and continue to hold office. Former Governor Warren T. McCray, recently released from prison himself; Fred B. Robinson, former State Purchasing Agent; and D. C. Stephenson, former Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan and boss of the Republican Party in Indiana, testified that Jackson, with others, had offered $10,000 and a promise of immunity in the courts, if McCray, then Governor, would name Jackson's man Prosecuting Attorney. Jackson did not go on the witness-stand. He an-

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nounces that it was only out of consideration for the Republican politicians with whom he was indicted that he consented to permit his attorneys to make the technical motion for an instructed verdict. If Indiana likes politicians who set loyalty to fellow-conspirators above loyalty to the State, Indiana may have its Ed Jackson. In that she will not be very different from certain other States.

WE ARE CALLOUSED by corruption. We have become used to the spectacle of politicians and millionaires using the trickery of the law to stave off justice. The tactics of the oil men in Washington are a disgrace to the national conscience. Harry Sinclair's attorneys are now claiming that they hired Burns detectives to investigate the mortgage on a juror's home because they feared that some of Sinclair's enemies might pay it off! Business men are not surprised at the disclosure of the deal by which a fictitious oil company, organized for the purpose, made $3,000,000 in a day and then went out of business, nor are politicians appalled at the disclosure that a part of the loot went to pay the campaign deficit left from the campaign which made Harding President. There is no indignation because Will Hays, former United States Postmaster General and chairman of the 1924 Republican Campaign Committee, testified under oath that it was "libelous" and false that Sinclair bonds went into his party's campaign chest. Mr. Hays will now blithely assert that he did not know, and no one will hold his previous lie against him. In New York City we have our own legal farce, with the astute Mr. Max Steuer successfully defying the State and using the courts to prevent investigation of Borough President Maurice E. Connolly's curious habits in granting profitable sewer contracts. Sinclair, branded as "corrupt" by the federal Supreme Court, is still an honored director of the Petroleum Institute, and no active oil man has seconded Mr. Rockefeller's suggestion that the skulking oil officers return from Europe and tell the whole truth. It seems to be an accepted canon of American ethics that loyalty to corrupt friends outranks loyalty to the American people.

THE INTERBOROUGH Rapid Transit Company of New York City, which operates the dirtiest and most crowded subway cars in the world, has lately come before the courts with two extraordinary demands. The first was a request for an injunction to prevent the American Federation of Labor from organizing its employees on the ground that they had signed a contract not to belong to any union except the company's own during their employment. Justice Wasservogel of the New York Supreme Court has refused such an injunction, holding that the agreement between company and men is one-sided and inequitable, not truly a voluntary contract at all. If adopted elsewhere, this view is a highly important gain for labor and may lead to a reexamination of many agreements, including the "yellow-dog contracts" in the West Virginia coal mines. The other demand of the Interborough is still before the courts. It is an attempt to break its contract with the city for a five-cent fare on the ground that so low a rate is confiscatory. As a precedent the company urges the action of the courts in overthrowing the one-dollar-gas law passed by the New York Legislature. There is no similarity between the cases. The gas decision involves no contract; it was concerned with conditions which the companies had opposed from the start. If the Interborough can break its agreement with New York City, it seems to us that there is no contract left that is worth the paper it is written on.

WHO PREVENTED Charles Yale Harrison, American newspaper man, from landing in Honduras? Harrison had a commission from Big News Features, a Macfadden syndicate, to follow Carleton Beals's trail into Nicaragua. He had a passport, properly visaed; but when he sought to land at Puerto Cortez, the commandante of the port told him "You may not land." Asked why, the commandante said, "I am not to give you a reason." The American consul gave Mr. Harrison no assistance. Now, Mr. Harrison had been engaged in defense work for Sacco and Vanzetti, and in other mildly radical activity in New York; but it is extremely unlikely that Honduran secret-service agents in New York had been following his trail. Honduras is not blessed with Burns detectives. If the Honduran Government learned that Mr. Harrison, a radical, was on his way to Central America hoping to see Sandino, and decided to keep him out, it is reasonable to suppose that it acted upon a tip from our own State Department. There is no other explanation. It is the business of the State Department to defend the rights of American citizens abroad, not to infringe upon them, and a radical has precisely the same right to its services as a bank president. When it secretly spies upon American citizens and prods little republics into doing its dirty work for it, the State Department sets itself a new mark in petty meanness.

IN THE LOWER HALF of the fourth column of the second page of the second news section of the New York *Times* for Sunday, February 19, appeared a dispatch stating that an American ship-captain at Amoy, attempting to shoot an alleged flour-thief, hit and killed a Chinese boatman, and that the dock-laborers of the port had accordingly gone on strike. The *Times*, in giving the dispatch an inconspicuous position, judged news values precisely as did thousands of other American newspapers. If an American had been shot by a Chinese, the fact would have flamed across five thousand front pages. What's the difference?

WINTER HAS BEEN KIND this season, and the February thaws bring a less sudden relief. But the maple sap and the robins recognize the calendar; and although the ground is still hard and heavy, the seed catalogues renew their perennial charm. In midwinter their colors seem crass, and the legends obviously exaggerated; but as March draws near faith follows hope, and visions of tomatoes neatly tied, of peas that do not sprawl, of abundant lima beans, headed lettuce, rust-proof roses, everflowering larkspur, early zinnias, blue poppies, sweet peas fresh in August, stately hibiscus float through the steam-heated mind, and the wildest superlatives of the seedsman's copy-writer become part of a vision of a weedless garden. Three years does not seem too long to wait for asparagus, and one ponders over the catalogue's account of the simplicity of mushroom-growing. One plans new stone walls and new rock gardens; vines grow where they are asked to, and trees put out branches as the pruner willed; one fertilizes and cultivates with constant zeal. These are the most ardent weeks of the garden year—before the soil is ready for the first plunge of the back-breaking spade.

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# Asquith, Last of a Line

NO statesman of the modern world can have been more completely typical of an institution and a national culture than H. H. Asquith, the last old-Liberal Prime Minister of Britain, whom in the evening of his day we had to speak of as the Earl of Oxford. Asquith was a northern Englishman who came of Yorkshire stock, nonconformist in religion. His mental habit was formed by "the grand old fortifying classical curriculum." He was the ablest, if not the most brilliant, of that band of young Britons (Milner, Curzon, Edward Grey, and the rest) who were trained at Oxford in the privileges of the English governing class by Jowett of Balliol. Before he left the university his eminence in the law and his attainment of the highest political office were taken for granted. He was already master of that sonorous eloquence which, as Ramsay MacDonald said in his obituary tribute, was destined to lull the watchful intelligence of his opponents to sleep.

Asquith never grew. What he was at the end he had been as a fledgling lawyer—extraordinarily complete and assured, polished, imperturbable. The volume of his speeches published three months before his death showed that the mastery of logic and phrase which the world associated with him during the nine years of his premiership was no less perfect when he entered Paliament forty years ago. His style of speaking was as remote from the style of Gladstone as from that of Disraeli, and it was much closer to the classic tradition than either. Measured and weighted with adjectives, it was never anything but lucid, admitting of no surprises and hardly any glow, and only too frequently marked by the lawyer's aridity; but immensely powerful and effective in Parliament as on the platform. After he became Prime Minister Asquith fell into the habit not only of writing his speeches but of reading them. The series of orations made in the first year of the war (a series far more adequately expressing the national mind of England than Lloyd George's utterances ever did) were delivered from manuscript. But Asquith was so thorough a master of expression, and so organically one with his manner, that to the end he could speak in debate with the rounded periods of his set performances. His greatest distinction lay in his sense of the dignity of public life. To that he was unwaveringly faithful. No politician of his time was more free from pettiness than he. It is a most noteworthy fact that in almost half a century of political controversy his opponents did not hold against him a single remembered word of harshness or unfairness.

Asquith was first and last a parliamentarian. In directing the House of Commons he displayed not only eminent powers of mind, but a skill and understanding that were not easily associated with his reserved character and detached bearing. He had no popular gifts. He could never be induced to cultivate the press. When in the final encounter with Lloyd George, after the general strike of 1926, Asquith learned that the party newspapers had nearly all gone over to his rival, the discovery must have been a bitter blow to him. But so long as the leading place in Parliament was his, his command was absolute. He was more completely master of the House than any Prime Minister had been since Pitt, for his authority was exercised without the assertiveness and angularity which, in the case of every leader from Peel to Balfour, had provoked and sustained the enmity of the opposition.

Asquith won, and deserved, credit for abolition of the Lords' veto, but the main credit for the measures of social amelioration which marked the Liberal administration before 1914 has been given to Lloyd George. It belonged of right to Asquith, who never claimed credit even for old-age pensions, although he had provided for them in his own budget before, on his elevation to the Premiership, he called Lloyd George to his old post as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Without Asquith's steadiness the Lloyd George program could never have been carried through. As cabinet chief and colleague, Asquith was generous and loyal; but his friends conceded that there was one crucial occasion when he fell short of his own standard. That was in the first year of the war when the mob demanded the dismissal from the Government of Lord Haldane, the man who had introduced Asquith to politics and had been one of the conspicuous successes of the Liberal administrators. Asquith surrendered him.

His essential adherence to principle could not be questioned, yet in Asquith's record we may find a series of capitulations, several of them momentous. For the disaster to Irish Home Rule before 1914 he was not to blame, and seven years later he manfully denounced the iniquity of the Black-and-Tans. He was outspoken in 1919 about the Treaty of Versailles. But as early as Boer War days he had faltered, separating from his outspoken chief, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and revealing himself as the familiar type of "liberal imperialist." His treatment of the woman-suffrage movement was deplorable, and in the supreme crisis of 1916 he committed Britain to universal military service after having made the solemn affirmation that if the majority wanted conscription they must get another Prime Minister to carry it out. Asquith's word was a word of majesty; but it could at times be forgotten.

He had no popular arts. There was no pettiness or jealousy in him. If his last encounter with Lloyd George revealed a decline in his superb intellectual power and even the fraying of a temper never previously damaged, we should remember that for ten years he had been withstanding the politician whose monument is a Liberal Party in ruins. But whether, if the Lloyd George of 1918-1922 had not emerged, Asquith could ever have governed a post-war England is another matter altogether. Long ago he had reduced the tariff nostrums of a Chamberlain to powder. By a display of triumphant generalship he had set the Commons above the Lords. He was capable of a fine magnanimity toward Ramsay MacDonald, and that at a moment when the English Liberals, aided by the simplicity of Stanley Baldwin, had come almost within sight of the goal; but his mind was closed. His logical processes were those of 1870. His formulas were an echo. To that England which, burdened and bewildered, is now painfully coming to realize that the old simple world has vanished he had nothing to say. He was the last of his line. Thomas Hardy, Haig, Asquith; the great oaks of the British forest seem to be falling fast.

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# The Power Lobby Wins

NOT in the memory of many Senators and Congressmen has there been in Washington as bold and brazen a lobby as that which, on February 15, defeated the Walsh resolution for an investigation by a Senate committee of the public utility corporations doing an inter-State business. The investigation was referred to the Federal Trade Commission, a body notoriously inefficient so far as achieving anything worth-while is concerned. There the inquiry will drag along its weary length until the whole matter is forgotten. Certainly there is not the slightest reason to believe that any inquiry undertaken by the present Trade Commission, packed with Coolidge appointees, will amount to anything.

We repeat that the lobby defeated this measure. It was not public opinion, or the President, or any party policy, or any pretense whatsoever that a Trade Commission inquiry would be more effective in bringing out the facts which the American people ought to have if they are to work out an adequate legislative policy for control of the public-utility corporations and development of a sound super-power policy. The simple fact is that the corporations to be investigated took charge of the situation, through their lobby, although it was denounced on the floor of the Senate, and proceeded to have done what they wanted done. The interests of one of the corporations affected were in the hands of a $50,000-a-year vice-president, recently appointed and charged with the duty of attending to "public relations." There was even witnessed the amazing spectacle of an ex-Senator of the United States, the turncoat ex-Progressive, Irvine Lenroot, of Wisconsin, now the head of a group of lawyers representing from fifty to sixty law firms in different cities of the country—all retained to oppose the Senate inquiry—using his privilege as an ex-Senator to appear upon the floor of the Senate itself in behalf of his clients. Money was spent like water—if not to purchase votes, to procure the flooding of the Senate with petitions, letters, and printed matter.

The excuse given was, of course, that to intrust the inquiry to a Senate committee would mean irresponsible muck-raking in the months just before the Presidential campaign, when, it was alleged, the whole matter would be thrown into the domain of party politics. There were too many such investigations, it was explained, already being carried on by the Senate. The validity of this charge is apparent when one recalls that the Trade Commission has been conducting twelve major investigations this winter, seven of which were instituted by Congress and five undertaken of its own accord. These twelve investigations deal with stock dividends, petroleum prices, bread and flour, electric power, cooperative marketing, price bases, Dupont investments, lumber-trade associations, open-price associations, the cotton-seed industry, blue-sky securities, and retail price maintenance. While some of these have been concluded and have been reported on, it can hardly be maintained that the docket of the Commission is so clear of inquiries as to make it possible for it to take up a far-reaching inquiry of the kind the power situation calls for.

It is, of course, also true that the Senate has a number of investigations of its own on hand, such as those of our diplomatic service, of the S-4 disaster, of the election of Mr. Vare, of the coal situation, and of the Continental Trading Company, which last is netting such rich revelations as to the campaign fund of 1920. But no one can deny that the Federal Trade Commission has a record neither for severity nor thoroughness in dealing with a subject of this kind, nor that an inquiry by a Senate committee would attract far greater public attention and interest than anything the Federal Trade Commission could possibly do.

So the lobby carried through its program by a vote of 46 to 31. The Senate sat until late in the evening, and the debate was one of the bitterest in years. It made no difference that Senator Walsh of Montana, who introduced the bill, pointed out that the Trade Commission was precluded by law from examining the alleged political activities and connections of the power corporations, and that that was precisely one of the objectives that a Senate inquiry would and should have. The only satisfactory thing about the resolution as passed is that it required the Commission to make a preliminary report within thirty days as to the financing of electric and gas companies furnishing power and light in inter-State business. The lineup of Senators speaks for itself. Those Republicans who voted for an honest investigation were Blaine, Capper, Couzens, Cutting, Johnson, La Follette, McMaster, McNary, Norbeck, Norris, and Nye. Paired in favor of a Senate inquiry were, naturally, Borah, Brookhart, Howell, Frazier, Shipstead, and King (Dem.). Among the Democrats who stood up with the Progressive Republicans were Dill, Hawes, Gerry, Glass, Walsh of Massachusetts, Walsh of Montana, Wagner, Wheeler, Reed of Missouri, and Harrison. It is sufficient to point out that the bill as passed was favored by Bingham, Edge, Gillett, Reed of Pennsylvania, Smoot, Warren, Watson, Willis, Heflin, Blease, Caraway, and Bruce in order to establish our contention that the reference of the matter to the Trade Commission was contrary to the interests of the people of the United States.

# America's Vaudeville

THE great American sport of Red-baiting was not abandoned in 1920 or thereabouts. That was the year it reached national popularity, being presently superseded by mah jong and the cross-word puzzle. But even today, while the mah jong set rots under the table, there are persons who not only snoop into the affairs of their fellow citizens but earn a living by publishing "findings" to selected organizations and individuals.

The Reserve Officers' Association is one of the busiest of these "investigators," and, according to its own statement, it is "associated with seventy-seven other patriotic societies." Together with the Key Men of America, under the directorship of one Fred R. Marvin, it manages to keep track of most of the "radical" and "subversive" activities in the United States. The New York *World*, in a series of articles on Mr. Marvin and his coworkers, is unkind enough to call their work "espionage." But surely it is espionage in a good cause, since it supplies "voluminous and authentic information of the leaders and organizations identified with the Communist world-revolution movement in this country" and are "now waging a relentless war against all those who would pull down our public institutions, national standards, and democratic ideals."

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Who are identified with the "Communist world-revolution movement in this country"? Mr. Marvin and the other patriots inform us. For example, we read these notes:

> John Dewey. The *New Republic* of March 2, 1921, calls him an "advanced liberal."
>
> W. E. Burghardt DuBois. In February and March he toured the country to build up a friendly sentiment toward the Negro.
>
> Zona Gale. She . . . is said to stand in with the Communist crowd.
>
> Senator Robert Marion La Follette, Jr. During his father's life he was his secretary.
>
> Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken [President of Vassar College]. In the *Forum* of December, 1926, the following statement appears: "Dr. MacCracken has made it publicly known that cookery is not his ideal of a liberal education for women."
>
> George Foster Peabody. He is interested in Negro schools, being a trustee of the American Church Institute for Negroes, and the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. The latter is said to be a hotbed of race equality.

This is by no means the entire list. It includes Jane Addams, for instance, and designates her as the "most dangerous woman in America." Scabbard and Blade, the national fraternity of the Reserve Officers Training Corps, describes these Bolsheviks in one of its bulletins:

> The biographical sketches herewith given hit only the "high spots" in the careers of but a very small percentage of that element in our country who, possessed of constipated mentality, engaged in their favorite pastime of tearing down, offer nothing constructive as an alternative for a supposed solution of the all-embracing subject matter of national defense.

It is easy to be flippant about such a list and such a style. We know, for example, that Mr. MacCracken is not desirous of pulling down a single national standard; that John Dewey is one of the great philosophers of his country; we know that Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin and Bishop Benjamin Brewster of Maine and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and J. Henry Scattergood and Mary E. Woolley and Senator Borah—all of whom are on the list—are not "red," are not traitors to America, are infinitely removed from "the Communist world-revolution movement." Nevertheless, when one has a good laugh over lists such as these, a residuum of annoyance remains. Lecturers are interfered with, meetings are forbidden, all sorts of petty difficulties result from the industry of men like Mr. Fred R. Marvin, men who think that "radical" and "bolshevik" and "communist" and "liberal" and "pacifist" and "socialist" are synonyms. Ignorance is only funny up to a certain point. After that it becomes dangerous. It was dangerous in the years just after the war. It was dangerous when it caused pecuniary loss and bodily injury to decent and hard-working men and women—as many, many times it did. It was dangerous when it built up barriers between these men and women and the admirable work they were trying to do. And having been dangerous once, it can be dangerous again. We can laugh at our Fred R. Marvins and our Key Men for a while. But there is work to do in America. The acrobats, the trained seals, the trapeze performers, the song-and-dance men must give way to the endeavors of men like John Dewey, of women like Jane Addams, who have a vision that concerns the men and women of the United States, and their children; who are willing to devote themselves to the carrying out of that vision to the end that this country may be a better and more enduring place even for the Fred R. Marvins to live in.

# The Loneliest Man

LINDBERGH, we read, had a little difficulty with his motor in taking off from Havana, but soon he got the cylinders to working smoothly and, after circling back over the Cuban field to flash a signal that all was well, he disappeared "over the lonely waters of the Gulf of Mexico," bound for St. Louis, where, as everybody knew, thousands would be waiting the next day for him to descend. It was only another solitary flight; but it brought home to us the full loneliness of this eagle who has crossed an ocean and covered a continent with only the curving earth beneath him for company.

There was a thrill last year in realizing that he had had none but himself to talk to while he drove through sleet and sun and dark past Newfoundland and Ireland to France; and the news that once he had swooped down to ask of a fishing-vessel how far he was from the coast of Ireland merely gave charming emphasis to the fact. Now, however, he has done it once too often for us to feel comfortable any more about it. Not to speak of all the American cities he has flown between, he has threaded the countries of the Caribbean on the rosary of his triumph; and we cannot help thinking of him as of one condemned so to exist—condemned to live aloft, out of all contact with us except that contact which is established through the sound of his cylinders as they pass over our heads, or through the clicking of telegraph keys as they tell us where he is.

Even when he descends among men he is alone. The receptions must long ago have begun to be meaninglessly alike. First the rush of people over the field; then the clearing of a place to land; then the stepping out and shaking of hands, followed so soon by the unceremonious flight to safety on the folded top of an official automobile; and at last the dinner where all the talk is of the air he has just come roaring through, and of the further air he will go roaring through when his brief engagement is fulfilled. Always the emphasis on his being up there alone—the "lone eagle," brought down now for inspection but quickly to be released for other flights. Go on, Lindbergh. The air is your element. You are a symbol, and it does not take long to look at a symbol. God bless you, but go on.

"From now on until further notice," he announced in St. Louis, "I am in retirement. I need a rest in private life and am going to try to get it." We hope he will. We hope that for a long time to come he will be let alone—which means, paradoxically enough, that he may henceforth be less lonely. Only in the privacy he speaks of can he find human company, only with his feet on the ground can he cease to be something more—or less—than a human being. Our information is that before long he will fly the Spirit of St. Louis to Washington and put it in a glass case at the Smithsonian Institution. With that act, melancholy as it may be in some respects, it is possible that he will himself end his career as a museum piece. He is a great man, but he has been asked to pay too lonely a penalty for his greatness. The kindest thing we could do for the moment would be to forget him.

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# It Seems to Heywood Broun

MANY feel that Monday is a dull day in the papers but not for me because that is the morning that they print the sermons. Some prefer to hear the preachers by radio and I have even known those who went to churches, but my own inclination leans to the press reports. There within the compass of eight columns the reader has spread before him the entire range of doctrine. Brimstone burns if he wants it while to the right a Unitarian admits that he is doubtful if there is any such thing as the hope of Heaven.

Browsing on divergent doctrine, one cannot escape the impression that church unity is still a long way off. The differences between these various sects remain pretty fundamental. Potter and Straton cannot both be right and it will require the mightiest of engineers to build a bridge between them. Only in one respect is there hope of unanimity in every pulpit. Obviously the Christian churches cannot agree concerning God and His nature but I do not see why they should not come together by virtue of their attitude about the Devil. Naturally one must expect some little argument as to the precise length of his horns and disagreement on the issue whether or no his pitchfork is practical. Some see him as a stoutish man in red silk tights and others know him as a principle of evil. There is as yet no commandment which forbids the faithful to take Satan's name in vain or even to call him just a symbol.

Whatever the differences of opinion all the preachers regard him with an emotion so lively in its content that it is not easy to separate this feeling of terror from one of admiration. If the clergy falls at all short of the injunction to be God-fearing, amends are made by the palpable panic which is inspired by the Devil. In the New York *Times* I read: " 'Healthy-Mindedness Draws Pastor's Ire.' " At first glance I thought there was some mistake about the headline. But the label was adequately supported by the story. The Rev. Dr. Albert Parker Fitch, according to the paper, "took the youth of America to task for subscribing to the code of moral behavior which has come to be known as the 'cult of healthy-mindedness.' " "There is no awe," he said, "*in such a code of living and no humility.*" And further he added that he looked on those who do right simply because they lack the courage to do wrong as "not genuinely good," but as "moral cowards," adding that, "if cowardice is all that keeps one doing right, then one is leading the furtive life."

Universally, preachers seem to believe that vice is by many leagues more attractive than virtue. This is logical enough for fundamentalists who insist upon the actuality of the fall of Adam. Yet even modernists insist that man is a pretty poor creature unless he chins himself with regularity upon some code of transcendental ethics. Since Rousseau there has been almost no theologic philosopher to state the case for the noble savage. Seemingly there is general agreement that there can be no good living without a program. Haphazard goodness and instinctive righteousness have gone completely out of fashion. And yet I must contend that within my own experience most of the decent acts which I have ever done, or seen in others, were matters less of principle than impulse. As an undergraduate I had a room-mate who was agnostic while I was strict Episcopalian. Always I argued that but for my faith I would leave the dormitory on the instant and indulge in a life of the greatest depravity. It was my notion that nothing stood between me and the career of Casanova but the Book of Common Prayer. Unfortunately, I talked with such fire and sincerity that my atheistical friend was pretty well convinced of the validity of my inclinations. Himself a sober and industrious junior, he looked with awe on me as one whose volcanic passions were but insufficiently banked by dogma which seemed to him of little worth or moment.

In later years, but still within the flush of youth I may add, the doctrines to which I once subscribed grew dimmer. Shaw was the one and "Man and Superman" the book which took me pretty completely out of the fold. And this divorce from dogma filled me at first with hot elation. I watched myself in wonder, expecting that from this day forth I would have no civil word for any man and rather more than that for women. Nothing happened.

If I had been sinless up to the time of my conversion things might have been very different. But, as sometimes happens, a few of the things which had been assigned to the life of an agnostic had managed to creep into the existence of a Christian. It has been said that transgressions committed with an epilogue of remorse are more fascinating than any others. This I doubt. It is just as easy to assail yourself for silly conduct as for sinful. If and when these feet carry me to the mourners' bench there will be no resulting disclosures rich enough to startle the congregation. Still I have danced and diced and before the Volstead act I was acquainted with the taste of liquor. Since I plan presently to write a book entitled "My Seventy Years of Journalism" it is just as well to have in reserve a few things less than admirable. There must be at least some corner of contrition in any biography worthy of the reader's attention. In print vice does seem more attractive than virtue. Yet even on this side of forty there is ample room to debate the proposition that reasonable righteousness is more fun than whoopee.

The Devil as the perfect host has been vastly overrated. It is not so much his lack of kindness as his absence of taste and discretion. Nor is he equipped with any saving sense of humor. The trouble with preachers is that they are ignorant when they contend that man would inevitably graze on vine leaves but for fences. The theological schools should look to this. In every one throughout the land I suggest the establishment of a course (lectures and laboratory work) to be called General Depravity I. There might even be Advanced Depravity. The examination for the students in both courses should consist of just a single question: "Did you really like it?" Those who say "Yes" should not pass but be sent instead to fit themselves as entertainers in night clubs, prohibition agents, or bootleggers. The ministry is not for them. Only burnt children should get up in pulpits. No, not that; better the slightly scorched ones. Then on a Sunday morning the preacher might speak of the primrose path and refrain from smacking his lips as he does so. He will be in a position to say that though it's all right for a visit he would not like to live there.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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# *With Sandino in Nicaragua*
## II.
# On the Sandino Front

By CARLETON BEALS

*By cable from Managua, Nicaragua, February 20*

GRIPPE had me nailed to a cross; my bones were cracking with fever, but at eight o'clock at night we set out in a driving storm. We wove in and out of the back alleys of the town, took to the meadow, and sought at full gallop the southeast trail. Dogs barked, doors flashed open, but we vanished, leaving many to wonder what travelers were doing on the road at such an hour in such a storm. The rain poured down its floods upon us endlessly.

*Carleton Beals, sent by* The Nation *to Nicaragua, is the first foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His remarkable story began in last week's issue. The next instalment, On the Trail of Sandino, will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.*

Up over the ridge we rode, and down into a slot of valley which was a sea of fireflies. Flashlights in hand, we slid sickeningly along the edges of cliffs which veiled inky nothingness. My oilskins and my fever made me feel burning hot, but my knees grew wetter and wetter. The water ran down inside my puttees to my freezing feet. About eleven the rain slackened and we stopped to take a drink of whiskey as a guard against exposure. A thousand apprehensions still made us uneasy. The sound of hoofs, the crackle of oilskins, seemed to echo and magnify into an army of pursuit there beyond us in the dark where the fireflies lit a thousand watchfires. At eleven-thirty a thin moon was following over our left shoulders, slinking along like a tawny, famished mountain cat through the tangled branches and clouds. Mountain and valley made velvet-black silver patterns of shifting beauty. At midnight the wind and rain again dashed great sluices of water at us.

We stopped in a wayside cabin where lived a friend of Mariano, our guide, to ask about frontier troops. An Indian rose naked out of a red blanket. Two days ago, he told us, there were no troops on this trail, but they were expected tomorrow. We decided to time our arrival at the crucial point at daybreak, so we sought to rest in front of the Indian hut under a shelter of branches. We passed two hours trying vainly to sleep in our damp clothes.

On again for endless hours, up over ridges, down into valleys, here past cultivated fields, there through long cactus lanes, at other times through dense woods. Finally the morning star beckoned us through tangled jungle tracts known only by our guide. Dawn greeted us at a ford where a silver river was walled in by silver trees. Just beyond, on a hill above an enormous twisted metapalo tree, we approached a large thatched Indian cabin still in the morning shadow.

"When did the troops go up into Escuapa (the next town)?" "They went up two days ago and came back yesterday," was the surly response. We were relieved, but remained cautious. At eight o'clock we came to a straggling line of Indian shacks on a razorback ridge—Escuapa. There were no troops, but the sun was tobogganing gleefully down a mangy mountain. We drank steaming coffee from gourd bowls and munched parched corn. No troops, but Sandino couriers. Everybody from here on was a Sandinista; the trail was full of Sandinistas. In the shaggy mountains just beyond there would be no Honduran troops. We had passed the first serious obstacle. We had an open road to Nicaragua, an open road to the war zone. Indeed, we could hear the dull boom of cannon miles away beyond the miles of virgin mountain.

"Where is Sandino?"

"In his mountain fortress, El Chipote, with American airplanes bombing overhead, American cannon mounted on the opposing heights, American troops gnawing little by little into the mountain fastness, slowly encircling El Chipote, cutting off Sandino's supplies and outposts, with a general attack expected at any moment."

Another told me: "If you go in you may never come out again. The situation is acute."

We went in. We dismounted, clambered on foot, up, up into the perpendicular Dipilto range, hand over hand, right up against the sky. It still remains a mystery how the horses made it. For hours we toiled along the very edge of colossal cliffs, on a trail no better than a thread. But in the steaming struggle of that ascent, now under a burning sun, despite the previous night's exposure and lack of sleep my grippe was burned out of me—clean. We had a meal of tortillas and cheese on the mighty shoulder of the mountain, with Nicaragua and Honduras dropping off, one on either side.

By four o'clock in the afternoon we were plodding wearily but gladly into Limon, Nueva Segovia, the first outpost of what but yesterday had been declared a republic by Sandino and was still his heart and hope, where people with a guttural twist in their speech call him "San Digno"—Worthy Saint.

Even before crossing into Nicaragua we had met General Torres, a Sandino officer who was taking his family, his cattle, asses, concubines, and household goods to safety. He gave us an additional guide to conduct us to the first Sandino outpost, a young chap well known by the sentries, so that we would not be ambushed. And so at the foot of the mountains on the Nicaragua side, shortly before descending into Limon, we were halted by the two most poverty-stricken "bandits" that I ever saw. Captain Gilberto

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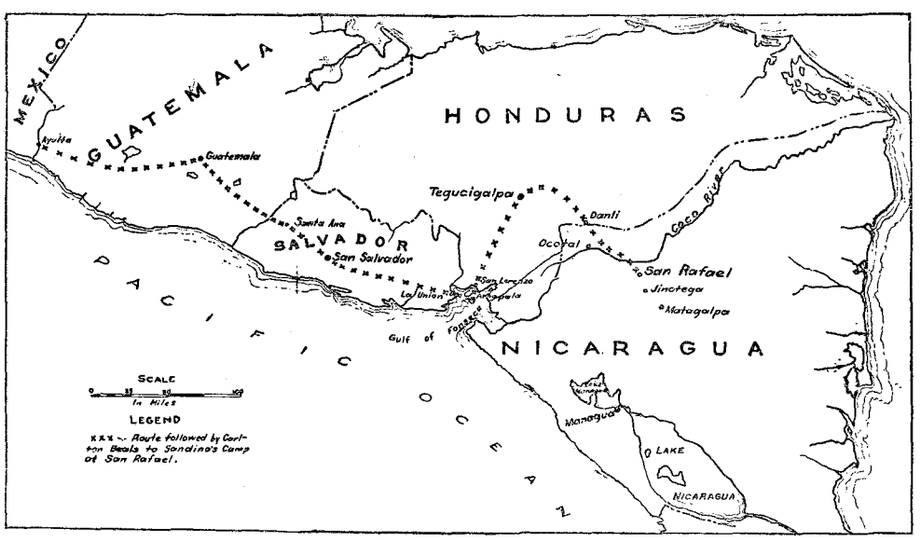
Herrero, chief of the rich Limon sector, wore a shirt hanging from his back in tatters; his bare feet clung to stirrups made from sticks and tied with rawhide. His saddle-blankets were of gunnysacking—but he had a gun and a full cartridge-belt. Surely banditry should have brought him better returns, here where the meadows were full of cattle and horses and the cribs overflowing with corn.

Herrero was suspicious of all Gringos (Americans) and suspicious of me, but he sullenly conducted us to his quarters. People at the Sandino house where we were ordered to sleep were extremely cordial, risking all in the Sandino cause. Herrero promised an armed escort early the next morning, before the airplanes were abroad. A dozen men begged to be included in the escort, for every one was eager to visit El Chipote, which loomed afar, beyond the lesser mountains.

The house where we were quartered overlooked a beautiful valley opening down toward Ocotal, which was held by marines. This valley in the evening was bathed by silver floods of moonlight, while the grim mountains circling Sandino's mysterious fortress, El Chipote, rose austerely beyond. Marines had also taken the neighboring town of Jicaro in the days just previous. The family where we were quartered was now concerned for its personal safety, and planned retreating into the mountains. Seated on a wide veranda overlooking the vast mountain scene I listened to stories of American atrocities that made our own tales of German misdeeds seem tame—a reiterated lesson of the universality of war psychology, for this is war in Nicaragua. In subsequent articles I shall discuss the truth of these stories. I can only say here that in these articles the names of all civilians and befriending guards accompanying me everywhere on this trip will not be mentioned, for tomorrow it might happen that marines would descend upon them. Arrests and shootings would follow and houses would be burned.




Early the following morning before airplane-time—for the airplanes drop bombs on any chance travelers—I was conducted from Limon to Las Nueces by seven Sandino soldiers with red and black ribbons in their hats. We proceeded over a trail which passed between Jicato, in American hands, and Jalapa, where more marines were reconnoitering. Las Nueces is a picturesque hamlet, clambering up the two steep banks of a little stream, with high mountains on all sides and everywhere great stretches of timber. Here at Las Nueces an Englishman sits on his mining claim, calmly smoking his pipe, the Union Jack flying in the front yard, and here we had our first real meal since Tegucigalpa. He was astounded at seeing me.

"Out of what cloud have you dropped? You've got plenty of nerve. Any of these fellows is likely to take a whang at an American."

I left him my card. In his casual drawl, between puffs, he remarked: "I'll keep this as a little memento of the foolishness of mankind."

He lent me a new mule. From Las Nueces, with a new escort, we headed for Guadalupe. Zelaya, a coffee-grower, led me along hidden trails through jungle canyons.

Gradually, though no word was spoken, I became subtly conscious of the fact that the actual military hold of Sandino on this region was already crumbling. As we advanced into the tangled mountains, a still, nameless terror seemed to hang over the world. The cannonading of the previous day had ceased. The airplanes, which had circled over these heights for months on end, did not appear. Somewhere beyond were machine-guns, cannon, battle, the limbs of dead men hanging from the trees. But all that came to us here on this secret trail was an inexplicable silence—as though the whole countryside had died. It sounds incredible, but I can swear I became growingly conscious of some overwhelming change in the military situation. The occasional houses we now passed on the upper stretches where several trails joined were all deserted, though the animals stood in the corrals and the cribs were full of corn. Presently we met refugees on the trail. Dogs without masters scurried off. "The Machos (Americans) have taken El Chipote," we were told. All our plans fell into a jumble.

Other refugees, more details: Sandino had evacuated El Chipote without firing a shot. He had avoided a final fight and had slipped out with supplies of dynamite, ammunition, guns, and machine-guns, leaving the Americans a deserted mountain top as the reward of months on end of skilful and cautious approach.

Toward sundown we dropped into Murra, a cold mining town in the elbow of a cold, dark stream, wedged tight between gloomy mountain walls. Empty! Deserted! Not even a stray cur.

Zelaya, his rifle slung across his back, his jaw set, slouching over his mule, rode grimly on and on—for all we knew right into a nest of machine-guns. The rain fell in torrents. We floundered along a trail by the river, struggling for a foothold in the muck, peering for our path in the murky dark, driving our animals on ahead, wearily, apprehensively. A light! We stumbled into a lone house on the steep mountain side. Three male voices greeted us with friendliness. Welcome hands seized our blankets and saddle-bags and lifted the saddles from our tired animals.

"Where is Sandino?"

"God knows."

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# *Presidential Possibilities*
## IV
# Herbert C. Hoover

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

*The fourth in a series of studies of the candidates*

HERBERT HOOVER is qualified to be a political President of the United States. I say this because thirty-one years of journalistic observation of men in political life has forced me to the conclusion that certain qualities are to be found in almost everyone who reaches our highest American office. The ability to play politics, to compromise, at times to deceive oneself and the general public; the ability to wear one aspect today and another tomorrow; the ability to be bravely humane and peace-loving one day, and to send American youths to their deaths in some foreign country the next; the power to talk incessant platitudes and ardently to defend the Golden Rule and the Commandments against all comers—as Calvin Coolidge has recently done for the five-hundredth time in Havana—and then to keep silent in the presence of national sin, and, above all, to be able to prevaricate when necessary—these are some of the attributes that carry men to final political success.

Mr. Hoover has these attributes in such marked degree that he is surely completely qualified for the Presidency—I cannot see how he can be kept out of it, or how anyone can doubt that, barring a miracle and the open and avowed opposition of Calvin Coolidge, he will be the first Californian to occupy the White House.

This is my thesis; it is admittedly but one side of the picture. A Lloyd George, or a Roosevelt, or a Bismarck can lie and steal (as Roosevelt "stole" the Panama Canal) and yet feel certain that he is serving humanity by doing so, and still have most engaging and admirable qualities. Indeed, men like these, or like a Woodrow Wilson, are capable of rousing such intense loyalty and enthusiasm that their most unethical acts take on a righteous aspect and are most hotly defended by men who would denounce similar misdeeds in a private individual. Herbert Hoover is capable of rising to great heights in his passion for righting a wrong; he is a rarely gifted administrator and executive; he has most admirable qualities, and he, too, has a following that in its adoration will not admit that he is capable of a single error. Any black act of his inevitably appears white to these devoted servitors. Yet he can face two ways, can compromise, and on occasion deceive, and play politics from morning till night while rendering great public service; he can, like Charles E. Hughes, be silent in the presence of the most scandalous criminality in the history of the Republic, although sitting beside it for years.

Consider the solemn assurance which Herbert Hoover, Charles E. Hughes, and twenty-nine other Republicans gave in 1920 to the Republicans who favored our entrance into the League of Nations. Over their names they pledged their word that the best way to put the United States into the League was to vote for Harding. "I have to admit," said one of Mr. Hoover's former associates and present supporters the other day, "that Hoover in signing that document was either a fool or a knave, and so were Hughes and the rest. There is no getting away from that, much as I like him." Now anyone may err in judgment, and Mr. Hoover may well have believed sincerely in the truth of that amazing statement, but when it was proved that he had been guilty of a monstrous deceit he continued to stay in Harding's Cabinet and never once apologized or referred to the matter in any way. Indeed, he stayed in the Cabinet—still without a word of regret or of shame—when President Harding again declared, in 1923, that he was absolutely opposed to the United States ever entering the League, and asserted that this country would never go to Geneva.

Like Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hoover sat in the Cabinet with Fall, Denby, and Daugherty throughout the period when they sold out the oil lands. If he did not know what was happening in the naval oil reserves, Senator La Follette did, and told the Senate so more than a year before any Senatorial action took place. Newspapermen in Washington knew about it. Did Mr. Hoover act? He did not. Did he resign? He did not, any more than he has protested against the wrongdoing of Colonel Forbes, Jess Smith, or the other members of the Harding entourage. His friends indignantly declare, as George Soule has pointed out in the *New Republic*, that Mr. Hoover is not the custodian of public morals, or of those of his associates; that he is Secretary of Commerce, not President, and that he cannot be resigning every day when something that he dislikes happens. Yes, but Mr. Hoover has stood before the public as something more than a mere politician; multitudes have felt that in Belgium he expressed a great moral indignation; that he then did combine conscience with administrative power. They looked to him to express these same things in the political life of America when he entered it. He even said himself (June 15, 1920) that "there has come to be a demand for a better justice and a higher standard of political conduct, and it would be well for the old-line politicians to pay heed to this." And then he went into the Cabinet of Harding, and allied himself not with a higher standard of political conduct, but with the lowest we have known. Even before that (March 10, 1920) he had declared: "I still object as much to the reactionary group as I do to the radical group in the Democratic Party." And then he was content to be a part of the two most reactionary administrations in our recent history. His fame and standing were loaned to give a cloak of respectability to men whose deeds have now found them out. He called himself once an "independent progressive" bitterly opposed to the "manufacture of offi-

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cials by machine methods," and a year later took office under the President who had been manufactured solely by machine politics in an upper room of the Blackstone Hotel, with whose nomination the members of the Republican Party, and the convention itself, had no more to do than had the natives of the Hawaiian Islands. Promptly he found that the reactionary Harding platform was "constructive and progressive. Nothing prevents the compromise planks on labor, the League, etc., from being given a forward-looking interpretation." On March 4, 1921, having long been in doubt as to whether he was a Republican or a Democrat, he chose to be a Republican and entered the Cabinet.

When it comes to the ability to turn a complete somersault, Mr. Hoover obviously leads all candidates. He is now being supported by some of the most ardent opponents of the League of Nations, the World Court, and all the other post-war Wilsonian proposals which Mr. Hoover so eagerly espoused in 1919-1921. The explanation given is that Mr. Hoover has recanted every one of those heresies. He must now oppose the League of Nations and the World Court since his party is squarely committed to opposition. He has become the darling of such reactionary newspapers as the Cyrus K. Curtis properties, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Los Angeles *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the Boston *Transcript*, and the Kansas City *Star*, and there is nothing of the moral and the spiritual in their support of anybody. They are not only out for the maintenance of the existing social order, but of the political status of the moment. They are for the exaltation of business, as Mr. Coolidge has exalted it, and their taking up of Mr. Hoover is indisputable proof that he has forgotten all that stuff he was talking, when he came back from Europe, about a new deal and a better political life in America, when he promised to be the one who should lead America out of its materialism into a union of political efficiency and idealism.

So it is a totally different Herbert Hoover with whom we have to deal today. He has become a skilful politician himself. A splendid Hoover machine has been built up throughout the country, for the Department of Commerce touches our national life at innumerable points, and Mr. Hoover has never even been restricted to the confines of his department. He has extended its functions by having the Pensions Bureau and the Bureau of Mines transferred to it. Mr. S. Parker Gilbert, sarcastically called by the German Fascisti the "uncrowned Kaiser of Germany," once referred to Mr. Hoover as "Secretary of Commerce and Under-Secretary of all other departments." It was said admiringly, but it is a half-truth bitterly resented in the departments in question. He is hated in the State Department because he won the fight to keep control of the commercial attaches of our legations and embassies, because he has often thrown his weight with the President against the State Department, and in the matter of loans to foreign countries has flatly demanded that they be made for economic reasons alone. At times the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Labor, the Treasury Department, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Shipping Board, the Federal Trade Commission, were reported to have protested against Mr. Hoover's playing the under-secretary in their shops. Their resentments have been carried to the President and constitute one reason, Washington believes, why President Coolidge publicly castigated Mr. Hoover in April, 1927, when the rumor again appeared that Secretary Kellogg was retiring and that Mr. Hoover would be his successor. With obviously intense feeling Mr. Coolidge assured the press correspondents that the Secretary of Commerce would never, never be Secretary of State. To some this may appear as evidence that Mr. Hoover has played his cards badly. Let us not be too sure of that.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hoover has become a marvelous self-advertiser and publicity expert. His speeches are endless; his Department's press releases come like flakes of snow in a heavy storm, and they do not forget to mention Mr. Hoover. Situations like the Mississippi flood have played into his hands precisely as did the Belgian relief, and justly so, for he deserved the credit, and being the head and forefront of the undertaking, he naturally took the spotlight. But even in periods when he was not doing one of his magnificent pieces of relief organization, Mr. Hoover won the first page of the newspapers so often that Mr. Coolidge was known to be distinctly nettled. Some men would have resigned after such a rebuke as the President gave him, but when it comes to resigning Secretary Hoover is not interested. This is the more curious because with regard to critical publicity he is the thinnest-skinned man in Washington. Mr. Hoover is, like Woodrow Wilson, apt to be bitter and intolerant toward all who take issue with him—a trait that will be intensified if he enters the White House.

This sensitiveness is directly connected with Mr. Hoover's emotionalism. For all his outward calmness he is an extremely emotional man, capable of transmitting that emotion to others, and of becoming almost hysterical. Yet he can also be an admirable and an evenly balanced advisor. When excited he exaggerates, and uses very strong language. He can do so at all times when a gentleman and an honest man ought to swear at injustice or human weakness. But that tendency to exaggerate has its dangers, for he can and does overstate a situation as in Belgium where he poured in much too much food and money. There were measures which he put through as Food Administrator during the war that were rather bits of emotionalism than necessary economic measures. Again, his attack on the British rubber trust was unsound and emotionalized. But, I repeat, it must be written in golden letters to his credit that his emotions are deeply moved, as one should expect a Quaker's to be, by suffering anywhere. I was with him at the Crillon in Paris on that day in March, 1919, when he got the French to agree with the English and Americans to permit the German fishing fleet to get fish for the starving German women and children. It was a joy to hear him tell of his final success after four months of unceasing and exhausting effort.

But Herbert Hoover will now make no frontal attack against heavy political entrenchments, nor batter himself against a stone wall, nor even stand up to a good public give and take. He likes best to be at his desk pulling the strings, a person of immense resources directing gigantic enterprises and getting all the credit for them; wielding enormous power like the Governor of the Bank of England, who has been able to affect the destinies of a people on the other side of the globe by a single word. Seated there he makes remarkably quick decisions, often involving millions upon millions of dollars. The great merits of Mr. Hoover's organizing have been admirably set forth by William Hard in his article on The New Hoover in the *Review of Reviews* for November, 1927, which everyone should read who desires a complete picture of it. It is not only that he picks able lieutenants and that he collects figures admirably and knows how to use them. When he moves in a matter like the Missis-

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sippi flood, or in feeding children in Russia or Austria, he puts the bulk of the work upon those who are involved—"for every American serving as assistant to Mr. Hoover in Vienna, there were literally more than one thousand Austrians so serving him." On the other hand, he seeks to concentrate all the relief work in his own hands—notably in the Russian famine aid—and throws his influence against any independent organization. When dealing with the problems affecting a given industry, he wisely gathers around him a group of its leaders. In this way he has initiated great reforms—he is said to have saved $200,000,000 for the consumer by changes in the lumber industry initiated by him, and it is asserted that he has won better wages for millions of Americans. As Mr. Hard puts it, Colonel Roosevelt got pure food by legislation; Mr. Hoover set about "giving us pure lumber without a law."

In other words his slogan is "self-government in industry." He prefers conferences and cooperation to legislative compulsion—the government, he thinks, too often becomes the "persecutor instead of regulator." Indeed, he declared on May 7, 1924, "it is vitally necessary that we stem this tide if we would preserve that initiative in men which builds up the character, intelligence, and progress of our people." Therefore, he seeks to change the attitude of the government toward business "from interference to cooperation," which he believes can be accomplished "if it is possible to devise, out of the conscience and organization of business itself, those restraints which will cure abuse." He sees in process a revolution in the whole organization of our economic life. "We are passing from a period of extremely individualistic action into a period of associational activites." He admits that there must be a "better division of the products of industry," but how to obtain it he does not suggest.

For Socialists and Bolsheviks he has only the bitterest scorn—that was an utterly false speech which he made on his return from Paris in 1919. Upon socialism he blamed the entire situation in Europe at that moment—just as if capitalism were innocent of the war and its horrors, and of the ruination of Russia. Socialism, he said, "has proved itself, with rivers of blood and suffering, to be an economic and spiritual fallacy." Fundamental intellectual honesty would have compelled Herbert Hoover at that moment to recognize the fact that socialism took h ld of a dozen countries when they were utterly wrecked, and no one else was there to take charge. In all business transactions honesty personified, he does not hesitate to misrepresent his opponent if it suits his propaganda.

Hoover an economist? No, indeed. Even the New York *Times*, in justly praising his power of analysis, his marvelous grasp of facts, his untiring industry, and his efficiency, admits that some of his official acts or decisions "seem to be a bit hasty." He is a mining engineer in politics. The farmers are right in holding him guilty of the sudden deflation in wheat prices after the war, although his friends have tried to shield him by unloading upon a committee the responsibility for that colossal economic blunder—committees, his critics say, are often his convenient smoke screens. So in the matter of the hog-raising farmers and the meat packers, there is no doubt that Mr. Hoover was partly responsible for the outcome that the farmers did not get the prices they understood were promised to them while the packers were protected.

In the matter of the un mployment problem, for which he called a conference in the fall of 1921, there has been no following up of the matter, and no results beyond the acquiring of useful data. He has never been really against the Power Trust though he has breached his own rule against the government's going into business by urging that it should build and equip and operate the Boulder Dam and its power plant. As to the coal situation, there, too, he has held a most useful conference with producers, distributors, and consumers of bituminous coal to eliminate waste, but the industry remains in chaos. It is well to tackle waste, but to grapple with the fundamental questions bravely and demand consolidation and complete reorganization, that Mr. Hoover cannot do, perhaps because it might lead to a logical demand for government ownership.

I suppose that Mr. Hoover must have called or instigated by this time some two hundred and fifty industrial conferences. Among them was one to consider his proposal to link the hydro-plants and steam-electric plants in eleven northeastern States; committees are still at work studying the plans, but nothing is to date accomplished. He has, it is true, reduced the number of different types of grinding wheels in use from 715,200 to 255,800, and has done much for American fish and fishing. He is sincerely bent on raising the American standards of living and eliminating waste, and he has helped to raise a $20,000,000 national research endowment to further laboratory progress in pure science in the interest of discovering things to benefit the individual American, precisely as he headed the commission to save the individual American from being killed by automobiles. None the less, for all these excellent moves, Mr. Hoover will never reorganize our industry, although he has the courage to dwell upon its faults and the wrongdoings of its managers, and to counsel them to reform themselves from within.

Light on Mr. Hoover's economic vision is further shown by his attitude toward Soviet Russia. He has repeatedly been of the opinion that the Bolshevik regime would collapse. On January 17, 1920, for instance, he spoke of the "total industrial demoralization and bankruptcy in production which will continue as long as Socialism and Bolshevist rule lasts. . . . No one is going to give them credit." Since that time the Soviet has been more and more firmly established, has celebrated its tenth anniversary, and has just arranged to have further credits in America. The removal of the blockade in 1920 he favored so that the "real truth of the horror of Bolshevist rule" might come out of Russia; it would take, he said, "from under them one of their greatest props." Yet large delegations of Americans are constantly going to Russia, and our trade with Russia steadily increases. His mental attitude toward ideas which he does not like is further shown by his statement on the same day that "our frontier and port officers must redouble their vigor against the export to us of Bolshevist agents, propaganda, and money for subsidizing criminals to create revolution"!

For labor Mr. Hoover has never shown any special understanding or feeling. He has given the impression that he was opposed to child labor and then has refused to come out against it. Labor feels uncomfortable, too, about his record on the Lever food-control law. He positively assured the representatives of labor that it did not forbid non-political strikes. Yet in 1919 a federal judge enjoined a national coal strike and based his action on the Lever law. If Mr. Hoover was shocked by this, as his intimates assert, he never betrayed this fact publicly.

But that again is one of his marked traits; Mr. Hoover

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keeps silent when he wishes to do so. Here are some of the important matters about which he has not spoken out:

1. He has never said a word against the protective tariff or shown that he in any way comprehends its vital bearing on the foreign debts owed us, the plight of the farmer, or our export trade, or on the whole question of our international relations.

2. In the post-war period of hysteria and the red raids of Mitchell Palmer, he never said one word for sanity and the American policy of free speech and free assembly. Nor has he ever gone on record against the countless violations of our civil liberties.

3. He has never once denounced the oil-grafters or expressed any regret for the vast robbing of the public during the Harding regime.

4. In the face of the Illinois and Pennsylvania election scandals he is as silent as an oyster.

5. While he has protested by inference against the use of American loans to buy arms and ammunition for Central-American governments we are upholding, he has never voiced one sentiment which would give ground for the belief that he in any way disapproves our policy toward Mexico, or our killing of 3,500 Haitians by American marines (as attested by Major General Barnett of the marines), or our present bombing of Nicaraguan men, and probably women and children, on the ground that we are destroying "bandits."

6. During the Mississippi flood disaster Mr. Hoover directed the rescue operations, but he has committed himself to no one of the relief plans before Congress.

He has, however, declared that if elected he will "carry forward the great objectives of President Coolidge's policies"—which means that he wishes to be an abler, a glorified Coolidge. Heaven forbid!

Super-decisiveness, super-industriousness, super-business power—these are the qualities generally and rightly attributed to Mr. Hoover. To my mind they combine, with others, to make him a glorified engineer and a superb super-salesman to the American people. Those who wish a man of this type in the White House will need no urging to vote for Mr. Hoover. He will fulfill their highest expectations. There will be no drones in the White House or in the departments if he is President.

But those who look for something else, for an idealist who holds to his ideals at all times, for a President who will again give to America the moral leadership of the world and the friendship of the nations where we have today their contempt or fear or hatred—such as these need not turn to Mr. Hoover. In foreign affairs there will be no appreciable change if he enters the White House. There is no reason to think that he will alter our policy on the war debts owed to us, or that he will do anything to rewin the lost Latin-American belief in us and in the honesty of our intentions. On the contrary, the fact that he is our greatest efficiency engineer may well cause those smaller American nations to tremble whose industrial and social development has not reached our plane. As for those to whom the question of peace is supreme, who deny that there is anything on earth worse than war, let them not look to Mr. Hoover for support. The backsliding Quaker is one of the men most to be feared—witness A. Mitchell Palmer of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet. Mr. Hoover still goes on Sundays to the Friends' Meeting House in Washington; in their tolerance and sweetness of spirit they admit to their communion one who favored war and helped bring it on; who quivered with just rage at German wrong-doings in Belgium, but despite his Quaker upbringing, abandoned doctrines of love and forgiveness and could see no other way out except more killing and destroying.

I spent the first day of January, 1919, visiting in Pentonville jail some of the true Quakers, the true descendants of Fox and Joan Fry and all the long line of Quaker martyrs, and observed the wonderful spirit in which they took their imprisonment because they placed the teachings of their faith above any worldly might. To Quakers like these one could safely turn over the management of any section of human affairs—to Herbert Hoover *never*, that is, if one believes that a glorious faith like theirs cannot be forsworn and then picked up and put on again, like an old glove. Mr. Hoover, in my judgment, would have no scruple whatever about going to war for rubber, for iron, or for hemp, or "to save the world" again from bolshevism. And he would do so with passion and emotion, self-convinced that it was another war-ending crusade for humanity.

Herbert Hoover is qualified to be a *political* and super-salesman President of the United States. Those liberals and progressives who seek something more will continue to scan the political horizon.

# Germany Looks Ahead

By G. E. R. GEDYE

*Cologne, January 25*

GERMANY has given no more satisfactory proof of national unity to the world than was afforded by the spectacle of the representatives of the German states quarreling over the Länderkonferenz which has just come to an end. The fact that these representatives could be summoned to tackle the thorny problem of the future constitution of the Reich (over which disagreements were bound to arise) is alone proof of the progress which has been made during the last five years. No German statesman could, in 1923, have thought of calling such a conference when the complete dismemberment of the Reich was the aim of France, clearly avowed in actions if not in words. It was left, perforce, for the jail birds and fantasts used by the French for their mock "Rhineland Republic" to voice the dissatisfaction which the bulk of the Rhinelanders felt with the Weimar Constitution. Under the circumstances anyone who ventured to express his doubts of the perfection of that arrangement stabbed his country in the back in an hour of need as dire as any country can have experienced in history; today respected leaders of the Center Party do not hesitate to speak of their wish that Prussia should have less power in the affairs of Rhineland. For with the evacuation of the first (Cologne) zone of occupation by the Allied troops two years ago, the back of the policy of dismemberment was broken. The precedent of adhering to the treaty limits of the duration of the occupation has been established.

The real problem before the Länderkonferenz was that of Germany's eternal triangle—Prussia, Bavaria, and the Reich. The Weimar Constitution was hastily framed in days of collapse and tumult as a lifebelt is thrown to a drowning man. As a lifebelt it served its purpose admirably, but something more comfortable as well as more stable is required to enable the rescued man to continue his voyage. In 1919, small free states were created for the continued exist-

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ence of which there is neither political nor economic justification. It was simpler at the moment, however, to take over the little principalities and grand-dukedoms intact and rechristen them "Free States" than to enter upon general administrative reforms. Prussia was forced to make concessions to Bavarian particularism that have ever since hampered the conduct of the affairs of the German Reich, but which do not satisfy Bavaria. The root of the matter is that the states which allowed Prussia to preserve at a time of revolution the predominance which Bismarck secured her, feel that the time has now come when she must be made to consent to a readjustment. The Center Party, as the party of the Catholic Church, is at one with Bavaria in disliking the hegemony of Protestant Prussia and is therefore supporting from its stronghold in the Rhineland the federalist ambitions of the Rhenish population with particular enthusiasm.

So diverse are the views as to the lines on which future development should run that the representatives of the states at the Berlin conference felt called upon to declare that they were unable to speak for their respective states, but merely to give personal views. Even so, the only important thing upon which they were able to agree was that a strong central Reich Government was essential; for the rest, they agreed to record their disagreement. They could not even decide whether the tendency should be unitarian or federalistic, but a strong committee has been appointed to work out a scheme; it is very certain that the Center will not allow this body to forget the whole question. It seems most likely that the committee will recommend rather a regrouping of states and the abolition of such *enclaves* as, for instance, the Bavarian Palatinate (which is separated by Baden from Bavaria) than the creation of a number of smaller states out of mighty Prussia. The great aim of the reformers will be reached if they can alter the balance in the Reich in favor of the non-Prussian states; no one wishes to see the evils of *Kleinstaaterei* perpetuated or increased. Small states and *enclaves* would combine with those neighbors toward whom they were impelled by economic and industrial developments.

These matters are discussed with the greater timidity in Germany because the Occupation is still in existence. It is a curious reflection, though not new to those who lived in the Rhineland during the terrible days of 1923-1924, that the French efforts to weaken Prussia were—and to a minor extent still are—the principal bulwark of Great Prussia. The Occupation, which grew out of the French determination to split up both Prussia and the Reich, still prevents the Rhineland from taking a firm stand in the matter of independence from Prussia. Furthermore, it would only need a revival of M. Poincaré's former separatist schemes to postpone for an indefinite period any consideration of the reforms which the Länderkonferenz has been discussing. Make Germany master in her own house, and she will put it in order as quickly as possible; at present it is still necessary to proceed with caution because of the presence of foreign soldiers on German soil.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* predicts that a great effort will be made this year to get rid of the Occupation. One country alone stands in the way of the realization of this—France herself. It is an open secret that no British interest is served by the presence of the British Army of Occupation in Wiesbaden, and that the principal motive for its remaining is an unwillingness to leave France alone in occupation of German territory. France obviously appreciates that there is no longer hope of realizing one iota of her former dreams of a dismembered Germany, and the question which she expects Germany to put to her is "What will you take to go?" There is not one thing which can be said in favor of this military occupation, which puts a constant humiliation on Germany and especially on the inhabitants of the occupied districts. However great the desire to avoid friction, "incidents" are bound to occur and any of them might again provoke international conflict.

The state of affairs at Coblenz is extraordinary. There, a worthy body of English, French, and Belgian temporary officials has settled down, apparently forever, to keep up a strictly legal interference with Rhineland affairs and with general progress. Why, for example, has Wiesbaden no airport? For the same reason that all occupied territory is without one—the prohibition of German aeroplanes within its limits. More and more documents relating to all kinds of obscure details of German administration are accumulating in the cellars of the Rhineland High Commission, of whose amazing industry far too little is heard—perhaps because its results are so supremely unimportant. Metaphorically across the road is a German department (that of the Deutsche Reichskommissar) which obligingly provides an occupation for the leisure hours of the High Commission officials by carefully numbering and forwarding complaints of irregularities or brutalities by individual soldiers. These pass through an even more perfect numbering and docketing machine on the "Interallied" side of the road and eventually inspire a stereotyped reply. It is all very pleasant in these days on the Rhine, of course—no alarums and excursions on either side. But even if, as is devoutly to be hoped, none ever recur, it will presumably dawn on somebody some day to enquire *cui bono?* It would also be interesting to consider what chance there is, now that dismemberment schemes have themselves been dismembered, of the French insisting on remaining on the Rhine, were the British authorities to indicate that they had spent quite enough on this particular form of amusement and proposed, accompanied or not, to move this very year.

# In the Driftway

IN Cleveland the other day the Drifter discovered a—to him—new breakfast food, or drink. It stood near the top on the hotel menu, along with "Orange juice," "Grapefruit, half," "Stewed prunes, 15 cents," "With cream, 25 cents." It was "Sauerkraut juice." It is the Drifter's custom to try anything once, and in foods and drinks he likes to try whatever is native to, or a specialty of, any place in which he happens to be. He does not call for a rare T-bone steak in an Italian restaurant or *spaghetti al burro* in an American one. Both as a matter of economy and experience he orders *vin de pays* in preference to imported drinks; he has coffee for breakfast in America, tea in England, and chocolate in Germany. Eat what the cook best understands how to prepare and the natives insist on having right is the Drifter's rule. Thus in Cleveland he prefers to wait half an hour for some broiled whitefish—which presumably came out of Lake Erie—rather than accept ready-to-serve scrod from the Atlantic seaboard. The fact that the whitefish proved to be indifferent

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while a neighbor's scrod looked excellent did not worry the Drifter. His theory is impregnable.

* * * * *

THUS by all his principles the Drifter should have ordered sauerkraut juice. But the Drifter is not a strong breakfaster. Had sauerkraut juice been on the card for lunch or dinner there would not have been a moment of hesitation. But for breakfast! What strange things is this our America coming to in the quest for novelty. Each morning the Drifter decided to postpone sauerkraut juice until the next; and he left town without having tried it at all.

* * * * *

IN the city of Washington a day later the Drifter told some friends about the unique and eccentric drink he had found in Cleveland. He even went so far as to descant upon its origin and the ground for its popularity—about which he knew nothing. "Cleveland has no monopoly on sauerkraut juice," piped up a listener. "It's the latest word in dietetics. It's as fashionable as having your tonsils out or collecting hooked rugs. The only odd thing about sauerkraut juice is that people of the other cities of the country find that nobody has heard of it when they order the drink while visiting New York." "Still," replied the Drifter, "I can't see sauerkraut juice as an early-morning bracer. It must be mostly vinegar." "There is no vinegar in it," the Drifter's friend remarked in a tone which was at least acid. "Sauerkraut is not made with vinegar in spite of a considerable amount of vulgar ignorance in support of such belief. The juice is the result of the sauerkraut's own ferment."

* * * * *

THERE seems to be something in this. Upon consulting a dictionary, the Drifter read that sauerkraut was made by laying successive layers of cabbage and salt in a jar and leaving the rest to nature. But as an early-morning pick-me-up the Drifter would as leave take vinegar as salt water flavored with cabbage. THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## Mexican Claims

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The public is hearing much regarding the $800,000,000 claims for damages "owed" by Mexico to the United States. It is perhaps timely to consider the history of a previous damage-claims negotiation between the two countries, that of 1868-1876, in which more than $500,000,000 were claimed; but less than 1 per cent. were found well based. Bancroft's "History of Mexico" state that a total of $556,788,600, damage claims were filed, those against Mexico being $470,126,613, while $86,661,891 was asked for Mexico. Seven years were spent in considering the claims, by a commission composed of one American, one Mexican, and Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister to the United States. The amount awarded to claimants against Mexico was only $4,125,622, while the awards against the United States were $150,498. To quote Bancroft:

> With regard to the 2,000 claims that were laid before the commission, the greater portion of them were fictitious and the legitimate ones exorbitant. The joint commission


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> opened a field for speculation to every class of rascals. Every device was practiced to rob one government or the other, the claimants hesitating not at all at perjury and forgery. * * * Out of 1,017 American claims examined by the commissioners, 831 were rejected, and out of 998 Mexican claims only 167 received awards. The Mexican government regarded several of the awards as unfair, especially those given to Benjamin Weil and the La Abra Mining Company respectively in the sums of $487,810 and $681,041—$1,168,851, over one-fourth of the total amount awarded. It was held that these claims were supported by false statements. The Mexican government made representations showing their fraudulent character. The first instalment was paid, though the government was compelled to have recourse to a forced loan.

The amount paid was subsequently refunded to Mexico by the United States, the fraudulent character of the claims mentioned having been fully demonstrated. What reason is there for believing that the present claims have any better foundation than those of the former commission?

*Washington, D. C., January 11* G. F. WEEKS

# From Burma

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Burma exhilarates, while India depresses one's spirits. The Burmese temperament is gay and artistic; Hindu moods are gloomy and pessimistic. But the dingy picture unrolled in "Mother India" is incomplete; Miss Mayo squints; her views are one-sided. Mayakovski, the Soviet laureate, suffers from the same distorted vision. When he visited New York, he had no eye for the grand features of the marvelous city; he could only see America's weak points. Deliver us from preconceived notions and inherited delusions!

The Burmans hail from China, and wrested Burma from the Keren animists who are earlier immigrants from Tibet. The Kerens have long ceased to be slaves to their Buddhist masters; they are independent and prosper. More than sixty dialects are spoken here, all resembling Chinese or Tibetan. Hindustani too prevails, since all the menial work in Rangoon is done by Hindus. No Burman or Keren would condescend to act as a carriage horse in front of a rickshah, but nimble Bengalis or Madrasis gladly do so, earning a few nickels for a ride, and running as fast as ponies. What a contrast to the slow and stately elephants who carry in pairs, with their trunks, huge logs from river-ferry to the sawing-mills!

The natives of Burma are tidy and good-natured. Their chocolate faces look intelligent and handsome, their bodies slim and symmetric. They are the best dancers and finest actors in the East; their mimicry and "plastic" is superb. Folk-plays start at 9 p. m. and finish about 3 a. m. Rangoon women smoke enormous cheroots. Their dark hair is neatly rolled up like a man's hat, and adorned with fragrant blossoms. Many wear trousers, while the men use embroidered jackets and skirts, yellow, green, red, in every rainbow color. Swarms of orange-robed monks throng the streets. Early in the morning they turn out to have their alms-bowls filled with rice by charitable Buddhists. The rice is often thrown into the river, I am given to understand; daintier morsels await the priestly palates in the seclusion of the monastery.

Rangoon is a fine and modern city with spacious buildings and choice bazaars. Most interesting are the richly-stocked silk stores. There are broad avenues, elegant colonades, well-laid-out parks, electric cars and cinemas in plenty. Some streets are named in the American fashion; yesterday I went to see "The Last Days of Pompeii" in a movie near Thirtieth Street. Sanitation and sewerage, however, are most defective. The governor's palace is a splendid mansion. Pompous and majestic are the golden pagodas, glittering in the blazing sun, and visible far and wide even in a pitch-dark night, since they are lit with hundreds of electric lamps. Pagodas are more than sanctuaries; they are temple-cities. Countless statues and statuettes of the Buddha, bedecked with jewels and flowers, are enshrined in pagoda-niches, devotees kneeling and praying before them. The straight nose and fine-chiseled chin of the Buddha idols is distinctly Aryan, but the slit eyes wherein a Burmese ruby gleams show a Mongolian type.

Western scholars like to compare Christianity and Buddhism on ethical and psychological merits. The real test lies in the actual output of social orderliness and efficient organization. These largely result from the Christian faith and life. The American mission established here more than one hundred years ago does splendid social and educational work; as a Baptist missionary remarked the other day, sociology and economics are almost Christian sciences. Americans have reason to be thankful for the comforts at home and their prestige abroad. Their culture is often belittled, but everywhere they are recognized as a "cosmic force."

*Rangoon, Burma, December 18* ERNEST P. HORRWITZ

# Mrs. Besant

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reviewing "The Hindu View of Life" in *The Nation* W. Norman Brown says: "Would that we had more of them [Vivekanandas and Radhakrishnans] and fewer of the Theosophists, India's self-styled friends but her worst traducers"—and he cites Mrs. Besant as one of these.

For fifty years Mrs. Besant has worked for India as few have. She founded the Central Hindu College, which has been the nucleus of the Benares Hindu University. Ask Pandit Malavija whether Mrs. Besant is a friend of India! She healed the breach between Tilak and the Congress, which had divided India from 1907 to 1914. Tilak is in some other *loka*, or we might ask him whether Mrs. Besant is a friend of India. Rabindranath Tagore has seen many years of Mrs. Besant's work for India. Ask him! I have heard V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, successor of Gokhale and head of the Servants of India Society, say (after his visits to America and Australia) that wherever there are Theosophists there are friends of India. Ask him about Mrs. Besant! No doubt the lady has been Mr. Gandhi's most successful opponent on some points, but I venture to say that Mr. Gandhi would rebuke Mr. Brown for his language. If Gokhale and Surendranath Bannerjea and Pherozshah Mehta and Dadabhai Naoroji—every one of whom in their times admired and loved Mrs. Besant—were in this world today, they, too, would speak.

*Seattle, Washington, January 6* FRITZ KUNZ

# Revolutionary Ancestors

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to register a protest against those correspondents of *The Nation* who never forget to say, "I am of Mayflower ancestry," or "My forefathers fought in the Revolutionary War."

It is of little importance, I feel, whether or not one's ancestors came to America from England in 1620 or from Lithuania or Galicia in 1900. Those who actively oppose our existing industrial oligarchy in 1928 may be assured of a jail sentence on one pretext or another or a clubbing at the hands of the police irrespective of whether their ancestors were Revolutionary (1776) or revolutionary (1905).

The members of the D. A. R. all had forefathers who fought in the Revolutionary War. Look at them now.

*New York, February 15* CHARLES YALE HARRISON

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# Books and Plays

## Koheleth

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

I waited and worked
  To win myself leisure,
Till loneliness irked
  And I turned to raw pleasure.

I drank and I gamed,
  I feasted and wasted,
Till, sick and ashamed,
  The food stood untasted.

I searched in the Book
  For rooted convictions,
Till the badgered brain shook
  With its own contradictions.

Then, done with the speech
  Of the foolishly lettered,
I started to teach
  Life cannot be bettered:

That the warrior fails
  Whatever his weapon,
And nothing avails
  While time and chance happen.

That fools who assure men
  With lies are respected,
While the vision of pure men
  Is scorned and rejected.

That a wise man goes grieving
  Even in Zion,
While any dog living
  Outroars a dead lion.

## First Glance

"IN deftness, precision, and clarity, in swiftness, crispness, and wit, in general awareness and competence, the present age of essayists obscures the past." I saw this sentence the other day in the preface to an anthology of modern prose, and thought it true. But not quite as interesting or conclusive as its author evidently believed it to be; and certainly not the last word on prose. We are undoubtedly deft in our writing; we have long been competent; and we are proud of our general awareness. Every now and then, however, one misses the other qualities —music, passion, and ponderability—and would like to see them coming in again even if they brought with them, as they probably would, a certain amount of confusion and wrong-headedness, together with many signs that the writing had been done with effort. We like in our own prose to seem effortless, just as we like in our lives to seem to be without illusion—"generally aware" is the phrase. But effortlessness is surely no important end in itself, since one may be effortless either about something or about nothing, and if it is something—if it is indeed something, then the effort might as well show, in order to prove that the author has taken his subject seriously both as man and as artist. And as for general awareness, I find myself longing occasionally for some of that blundering, shouldering prose of three hundred years ago when men hugged like bears the vast, formless body of Error. We have a few "bad" writers today, but not enough.

Robert Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," was in many ways a very bad writer, as well as a man who could swallow more wrong science, entertain more contradictions, commit more irrelevancies than any of his contemporaries even; and they were a race of prose monsters. But he produced, sitting more than three hundred years ago in his quiet chambers at Oxford, a book which for all of its badness has been steadily fascinating to readers of a chosen sort, and which is an excellent example of the kind of book I have been talking about. It lumbers and rumbles along in its endless search for whatever up to Burton's time had been written about melancholy by ancient and modern philosophers, astrologists, historians, moralists, medicos, and poets; and Burton's definition of melancholy was so loose that practically everything human could be brought in somehow. As a collection of stories, as a repository of quotations it is rich enough to have deserved its fame; but that fame, I think, comes in large part from the unusually thick richness of the style, which is the style of an eccentric genius tumbling over itself to say all that can be said about our maladies of body and mind.

The "Anatomy" has gone through a number of editions, none of which is more beautiful or desirable today than one just published under the editorship of Floyd Dell and Paul Jordan-Smith (Two volumes: Doubleday, Doran: $25). These new editors have modernized Burton to the extent of turning all of his Latin, of which there was a great deal, into English, and although this is taking liberties with the old pedant the procedure is amply justified by the result, which is a gorgeous book to have and hold and read.

MARK VAN DOREN

## George Sand

*The Seven Strings of the Lyre.* By Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

*George Sand: The Search for Love.* By Marie Jenney Howe. The John Day Company. $5.

IT is natural enough that George Sand should be a tempting subject for biography, and still more natural that she should appeal particularly to women. The standard life, an exhaustive work in four volumes, is by a woman, Mme Wladimir Karénine, and now two more biographies, also by women, have made their appearance. The method adopted in these two is approximately the same. Both authors leave George Sand to tell her own story. "In this biography," says Mrs. Howe, "there are no guesses and no bold assumptions. Paragraph after paragraph consists of writings from the hand of George Sand." Miss Schermerhorn goes even further. She has not allowed herself "any external judgment or comment on this remarkable woman."

This seems a pity. The facts of George Sand's life have been gone over so many times that surely by now the biographer might venture on some sort of synthesis. For one who, ac-

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cording to Miss Schermerhorn, was "the least egotistical of women" George Sand was, to put it mildly, extraordinarily expansive. She never hesitated to share her love affairs with the whole world. Her life with Alfred de Musset is meticulously set forth in the love-letters which, incidentally, she took care to publish, and in the autobiographical novel "Elle et Lui." If the reader wants the other side of the question he can get it in Paul de Musset's counterblast, "Lui et Elle," and best of all in Alfred de Musset's "Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle." The liaison with Chopin was reported no less faithfully in "Un Hiver à Majorque" and in the novel "Spiridion." That was the way with George Sand: no sooner had a passion cooled than it was relegated into fiction. We can hardly blame her for it. In order to lead her own life she had to maintain a worthless and extravagant husband in a state of idle luxury. That meant writing at least two novels a year besides innumerable journals, souvenirs, and letters of travel. Naturally she capitalized her own experience.

Certainly the story of George Sand is eternally interesting. The woman who lived with Jules Sandeau, with Mérimée, with Alfred de Musset, and with Chopin, to mention only the more distinguished of her lovers, and who still impressed everybody who knew her with the simple downright goodness of her character, will never want for biographers. Any one in search of a thoroughly readable but entirely objective record of George Sand's life will find it in Miss Schermerhorn's "Seven Strings of the Lyre." She writes with just as much gusto about the dabblings in socialism and Saint-Simonism as about the Musset affair, whereas Mrs. Howe confines herself more exclusively to her heroine's ceaseless quest for love. Beginning with the statement that George Sand was the greatest feminine genius known to literature, Mrs. Howe proceeds to exonerate her from every charge of folly or inconstancy. We have become so accustomed to the biographer who feels it a sacred duty to scrape off all the whitewash that it is refreshing to come upon one who refuses to admit in her idol a single flaw. Having decided that George Sand was the world's champion feminist, for which point of view there is a good deal to be said, Mrs. Howe's eulogy becomes positively relentless.

Both biographers are so intent upon George Sand's life and personality that they are inclined to ignore her books. After all, she was primarily a writer, and one of the most prolific and hard-working writers that ever wrested a living from literature. One of the qualities that so irritated Alfred de Musset was her terrible capacity for work. Like Anthony Trollope she set herself a definite task every day and no lover was allowed to interfere with it. That was not Alfred de Musset's way of courting the Muses. She affirmed her freedom right and left, as Henry James says, "but her most characteristic assertion of it throughout was just in the luxury of labor." The results of that labor can be seen in Calman Lévy's ninety-volume edition of her complete works. And the variety of her output is no less surprising than the quantity. First of all come the typically romantic novels like "Lélia" and "Indiana" with their impossible plots and their perpetual undercurrent of agony and revolt. Gradually the Byronic element fades away and we get the novels of semi-political, semi-social theorizing. George Sand was always a peasant at heart. On her father's side she traced her descent from the kings of Poland, but her mother's family were essentially of the people, and she was prouder of the grandfather who sold birds on the streets of Paris than of her picturesque ancestor the Maréchal de Saxe. The passion for social equality which so engrossed men's minds in 1848 found its reflection in such novels as "La Compagnon du Tour de France."

Lastly there are the stories of country life, like "La Mare au Diable," which have achieved a spurious immortality as school textbooks. Probably they will last longer than anything else she has written. George Sand was one of the first French writers to keep us closely and truly intimate with rural nature. Hitherto romanticism had spurned the soil of France. Rousseau had discovered the grandeur of the Alps, Bernardin de Saint Pierre the fascination of India, Chateaubriand had fallen under the spell of the American forest primeval. It remained for George Sand to discover the countryside of Nohant.

No doubt there are people who will always be curious about George Sand herself, but who will never want to read any of her novels. If that is so, it may be that her correspondence with Flaubert, dealing almost exclusively with literature and the technique of writing, will outlive the countless volumes of fiction. What a strange contrast they were—Flaubert the aristocrat of literature, living a hermit's life at Croisset, whittling away at his novels, glad if he can hammer out six pages a week, and George Sand, the genuine democrat, loving everybody, swayed by every gust of her emotions, and all the time writing page after page of lucid undistinguished prose.

Posterity will have more and more difficulty in understanding George Sand as romanticism recedes further into the distance, but her friends and acquaintances found nothing particularly complex in her character. Matthew Arnold, who made a pilgrimage to Nohant in his youth, was struck by her frank, cordial simplicity. That seems to have been the general impression. But the question posed by Charles Maurras, the scathing critic of romanticism, still remains. Was this woman ever really in love?

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

# The Physics of Light

*Studies in Optics.* By A. A. Michelson. University of Chicago Press. $2.

IN a modest preface Professor Michelson describes his little volume as containing a résumé of his life-long investigations in light, and as including also a brief account of his most recent work. It will be obvious at first sight that it is not a book for the uninitiated, for while the mathematical portions are not very intricate or difficult, a reader must certainly be able to appreciate their significance in order to get a clear insight into an instrument like Professor Michelson's interferometer and other apparatus which he devised for his researches; and yet, even to those readers who have but slight acquaintance with the refined methods of modern experimental physics in the domain where Professor Michelson gained his great renown, the very nature of the contents of this slender volume must convey some kind of thrill.

There is nothing trivial here. Professor Michelson has always been concerned with problems of the highest import, and without an unnecessary word he tells as simply as possible how he has tried to solve them. For instance, in the chapter on The Application of Interference to Astronomical Investigations he describes the highly original and ingenious, yet extremely simple, method which he devised for measuring the size of a star so far away that it has no appreciable apparent size at all—one of those measurements which, like the determination of the component of a star's velocity along the line of sight, we used to suppose was forever beyond the power of the human race to ascertain. According to measurements carried out at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California, Betelgeuse, the red giant in Orion, was found to be 240 million miles in diameter, its huge bulk being such that it would completely fill the entire orbit of the planet Mars. In the following chapter on the Velocity of Light, Professor Michelson, whose earliest determinations of this all-important constant of the universe were made nearly fifty years ago, tells us of the experiments that were made last year when the velocity of light was found to be 299,799 kilometers (186,186 miles) per second—the most accurate measurement up to the present time.

Of course this volume contains an account of the famous Michelson-Morley Experiment, the original conception of which can be traced to a suggestion of Maxwell in 1880. This *experimentum crucis*, in which quantities of the "second order" (that

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is, magnitudes involving the square of the ratio between the velocity of the earth and the velocity of light) had to be taken into account, and which was intended to settle the vexed question as to the relative motion between the earth and the so-called luminiferous ether, was first performed in a decisive fashion by Michelson and Morley in 1887. As is well known the result was "negative"; in other words, not the slightest sign of any relative motion or "ether drift" could be detected, although, according to the undulatory theory of light of Young and Fresnel, this effect was positively to be expected. On the contrary, according to this experiment, the ether (if it really existed at all) was "*entrainé*" and carried along by the earth in its orbital and interstellar motions. From time to time subsequently this experiment has been repeated, each time with improved appliances and under more perfect conditions and invariably with the same "negative" result until within the last few years, when it was again performed at Mount Wilson Observatory with every possible precaution by Professor D. C. Miller. Concerning Miller's experiments Professor Michelson says, in a footnote on page 154, that they "seem to give a positive result, indicating a small fraction (one-thirtieth) of the hypothetical velocity of the galactic system of 300 kilometers per second. Such a result," he adds, "would contradict the principle of relativity. Experiments are now in preparation for a rigorous test."

These are some of the great questions which come up for discussion in the volume—questions that are of fundamental and far-reaching importance for science and philosophy. They are here set forth with characteristic modesty and simplicity by one who has himself been a foremost worker for a whole generation or more in the extraordinary developments of physics, of which indeed it can be said with truth that Professor Michelson was *magna pars*. JAMES P. C. SOUTHALL

# Young George III

*The Correspondence of King George the Third from 1760 to December 1783.* Edited by the Hon. Sir John Fortescue. In six volumes. Vol. I, 1760-1767; Vol. II, 1768-1773. The Macmillan Company. $8 each.

GEORGE III was not a great man, nor even a great king, and his memory is not cherished today on either side of the Atlantic. Yet he stood at the center of the English political stage for a long generation, and his voluminous correspondence, therefore, can scarcely fail to take its place as an important historical source. Some of his letters, notably those to Lord North, have already been published, but the great mass of his papers disappeared about a hundred years ago and was not recovered until 1912. This collection, which is now in the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle, consists of letters written by and to the King and other documents which he deemed worthy of preservation. From it comes the bulk of the matter contained in the authorized edition of his correspondence during the first twenty-three years of his reign which Sir John Fortescue is bringing out in six volumes. The editor adds all letters by or to the King that could be found in other sources, but these form only a very small part of the contents of the two volumes that have appeared.

The documents are arranged chronologically and are printed as they were written. Approximately two-fifths of them are letters and memoranda written by the King. The editor warns us to expect no literary treat, for George III, though a fluent writer in English, French, and German, was not strong in grammar, punctuation, or spelling. In his state papers, however, he was not indifferent to phraseological propriety. When Lord North sent him the draft of a speech from the throne he expressed general approval of its style but pointed out that the King of Spain should be referred to as "My Good Brother the King of Spain," not as "His Catholick Majesty."

The conception of George III as a malevolent tyrant, consecrated by the Declaration of Independence, receives no support from this instalment of his papers. It appears that he preferred repealing the Stamp Act to enforcing it; and in 1769 he objected to taking certain strong measures against Massachusetts which the Secretary of State for the Colonies had advocated. He thought that colonial governors should be instructed, in addressing their assemblies, "to hold a moderate yet firm language" and "to avoid as much as possible giving occasion to the Assemblies again coming on the Apple of Discord." American questions, however, do not bulk large in these volumes.

Foreign affairs gave the King more concern. More than once during the ten years following the Peace of Paris a renewal of hostilities between Great Britain and the Bourbon powers seemed imminent. In foreign policy the King professed himself to be a disciple of William III and regarded a combination of Great Britain, Holland, and Austria as the natural barrier against the "Family Compact" of France and Spain. It is clear, however, that he desired to postpone war as long as possible, and his influence was thrown on the side of moderation. It would appear from a remarkable memorandum in his handwriting that the partition of Poland by Prussia, Russia, and Austria in 1772 led him to contemplate a diplomatic revolution. To judge from this, he actually looked forward to an alliance between Great Britain, Holland, and France against the three Eastern Powers which would "extricate Poland from the Tyrany that now seems impending." This plan might appear chimerical, "but if Britain and France would with temper examine their respective situations the antient animosity would appear absurd and that they have by it agrandized other powers and weakened themselves."

The correspondence reflects the constant and anxious thought that the King gave to domestic politics. It is evident that he took pains to keep himself accurately informed of proceedings in Parliament and in the Cabinet. The modern rule of Cabinet solidarity had not yet been established, and in the early years of the reign he was constantly in communication with trusted ministers who did not hesitate to express disapproval of their colleagues. There are many documents relating to the formation and disintegration of ministries, but no light is thrown on the use of patronage as a means of influencing Parliament. Royal electioneering activities will presumably be reflected in later volumes of the correspondence.

The impression left upon the reader's mind will probably be that of a well-meaning, hard-working young king, with a strong sense of what was due him, to be sure, but with a genuine interest in the welfare of his country. In the main he accepted the conditions of public life as he found them, and the age of the Duke of Newcastle is not noted for its political purity. The English constitution, as it worked in practice, was good enough for George III, and he had no sympathy with those who found fault with it. But few kings, after all, have been reformers. ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

# Another Fairy Tale

*The Story of the Law.* By John Maxcy Zane. Ives Washburn. $5.

THE humanization of knowledge proceeds apace. It is interesting, however, that the story of the law should appear so late. A story of philosophy, of literature, of science is, after all, hardly a test. Blackstone's elegant "Commentaries" was a best seller in the American colonies, but the average American nowadays believes that if he is given the making of the Mammy songs and the Blues he cares not who makes the laws.

Mr. Zane's book will, I suppose, constitute a temptation to some. It may be said right off that it would be easy to take frequent issue with him. His story of the law is designedly

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Anglocentric, and to a large extent consequently misleading and false. His account of Jewish law is hardly more than a short and unilluminating résumé of the Bible. He might have greatly profited even from the short essay of Professor Isaacs in "The Legacy of Israel." In dealing with Greek law he misses one of the central factors, that the Greek system allowed for no public prosecutor. One wonders, since he gives no bibliography, if he knows the little book of Professor Bonner. His criticism of Benthamism is scandalous and his treatment of international law the last word in superficiality.

Yet with all its inadequacies, faults, and distortions, "The Story of Law" has one solid virtue which makes it worth a reckoning. The cultural contributions of most jurists have the futile and irritating quality of the drear volumes in the "Modern Legal Philosophy" series. Stammler's abstract "Theory of Justice" may be perfect, for instance, but it would not have been comforting reading at the time of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. We have had too much speculation on the origin of legal institutions from Plato and Aristotle to the present, and too little fact. The contribution of Mr. Zane lies in his fundamental method. It is chronological rather than institutional, but at all times it is evolutionary. He may often miss a great many factors which are important, and more intricate correlations elude him; but he never departs from a fundamental realism.

If one eschews technical doctrines as of little interest to the layman, there is often little left that is not within the scope of an ordinary cultural history. The time when history was a succession of dates and generals is happily past. No historian who knows his business will nowadays do a history without an account of the development of political and legalistic institutions. Thus, "The Story of Law" often hardly differs from a general cultural history. In ancient law Mr. Zane is simply in the domain of cultural anthropology. In modern law the differential calculus he has devised is not always happy. When he introduces even a shadow of a technical doctrine he feels it necessary to inject at once a seductive witticism or personality. But after all it is better to read a little anecdote about Pliny the Younger than a distinction on the nature of property in ocean waves.

In part this virtue may be due to the general pattern of all the "story" books. But it is no paradox to say that fundamentally it also has a great deal to do with the fact that Mr. Zane is a barbarian. He is too good a Republican and a Chicago lawyer to be anything but hard-headed and to be satisfied with anything but the low-down. The fact is eloquent that the introduction to the book is by James M. Beck, formerly Solicitor General of the United States. But if this closeness to the earth accounts for the book's advantages it also explains Mr. Zane's limitations. What legal evolution teaches him is that this is the best of all possible legal worlds. When he is dealing with the communism of the primitive patriarchal family he takes the opportunity to belittle socialism. The popular election of judges, he lets you know, misses the evolutionary lesson, too, as do super and inheritance taxes and the Interstate Commerce Commission. Constitutional law is, indeed, the absolute reign of law; but he voices no disquieting doubts.

In America law has achieved its triumph. It is the reward of mankind through the ages and we live in a Golden Age. Indeed we are destined to live more or less happily ever afterwards with the princess of the Common Law. The story of the law thus remains to be written, at least for those who are not so smug. Perhaps its ironies can be better revealed with a more institutional method. Perhaps it requires a renegade from the law. Perhaps, too, the layman will say that it is at least written in part. He may go to the author of the "Forsyte Saga" for insight into the man of property. He may go to Anatole France, who wrote much of it in "Penguin Island" and who long before the day of Sacco and Vanzetti wrote their essential tragedy in "Crainquebille," who came to know the majesty of the law.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

# The New Ireland

*The Blessing of Pan.* By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

*Etched in Moonlight.* By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE recent development of the Irish literary renaissance appears to have been conditioned more intensely by political than by aesthetic forces. The phases through which Irish writing has passed are parallelled by similar evolutions in Italy and Russia, where the emergence of a realistic national temper has deflected writers in the direction of a hard-bitten prose and a generally materialistic conception of subject matter. Those Russians who still cling to the pathos and emotionalism of Chekhov or the cloudy mysticism of Andreyev find themselves intellectually as well as geographically exiled. Home-grown Russian novelists of today produce works bearing such hard-boiled titles as "Cement." In Italy too, despite the popular adoration in which the hero of Fiume is held, the iron temper which Mussolini is seeking to establish as the national psychology works to discredit D'Annunzio's lush romanticism. Novelists who have enlisted under the Fascist standard find themselves impelled more and more to a lean and pitiless depiction of life. Revolutions and imperialisms have ceased to engender romantic literature.

Nowhere has this change been more marked than in Ireland. Not many years ago the banshee-and-moonlight spirit ruled over Irish prose and poetry. The "folk-plays" were saturated with the thin mysticism of Maeterlinck. Political satire softly masked itself in an ambiguous symbolism. Yeats announced his belief in fairies and anticipated Oklahoma by issuing Rosicrucian tracts.

The first flush of that romantic day produced some charming work and in "Riders to the Sea" it may even have produced something enduring; but the roseate dawn has disappeared and left few traces of its glory behind it. Even if Joyce had not been present to point out another road, civil strife, economic responsibilities, bloody and inglorious revolution would have sufficed to alter the entire course of modern Irish literature. Today Yeats is loved and respected but you will find little trace of his intricate and elaborate art in the writing of the younger generation. In a new country which must develop an indurated temper if it is to subsist at all, Yeats's romantic and mystic preoccupations suddenly appear irrelevant. Accordingly, the standard bearers today are men who, like Sean O'Casey and Liam O'Flaherty, have forgotten all about the fairies and prefer to face a world of unpleasant fact.

It is this metamorphosis which gives such a strange and outlandish look to Lord Dunsany's latest novel. Still strumming the single string of fantasy, he seems to have no connection with his countrymen or his country. His new book takes up the threadbare theme of the return of Pan to a modern community. All the old ingredients are in it, all that "Celtic magic" which the schoolmaster's wand of Matthew Arnold pointed out to us many years ago. Here are moonlight and paganism and slightly biblical poetic prose and little miracles and elfin charm—the entire bag of tricks, once so amusing and original, now so sickly and unmoving. Somehow Lord Dunsany's delicate delvings into a world of pretty fancy seem almost childish. The effect of inanity is due not only to the growing feebleness of his prose style but to the fact that his entire universe of feeling appears irrelevant today. His significance never inhered entirely in himself but was bound up with the movement that included Lady Gregory and Yeats and the earlier "AE." Now that the wave of that movement has receded Dunsany's art is left high and dry.

This is not entirely the case with another member of the group, James Stephens. His fantasy may seem a bit saccharine, but the humor of "The Demi-Gods" and "The Crock of Gold"

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will save him. His new book of short tales scales no heights and adds little to a reputation that appears now firmly established and evaluable. What is interesting about it is the definite impress which the new realistic temper of his country seems to have made on Stephens, an impress from which Lord Dunsany is entirely free. In the present volume the least successful pieces (such as the extremely boring title story) have in them the greatest admixture of fantasy and "natural magic" and atmospheric prose. On the other hand, the finest tales, such as The Boss, Darling, and Schoolfellows might, in their lean rapidity and careful avoidance of the decorative, have been written by Liam O'Flaherty. The lightness and whimsy of "The Demi-Gods" are gone, to be replaced by a rigorous depiction of hunger and dulness and frustration, a little set of stern snapshots of modern Ireland. Though not entirely absent, the glamor of the heroic age is diminished. When the horns of elfland do any blowing it is a cracked and unconvincing sound they give forth. "Etched in Moonlight" is a misleading title for the book. It is the title of the worst story in a volume for which a more fitting, if triter, appellation might have been "Etched in Acid." Whether for good or ill, the elves have left Ireland and their disappearance cannot help reflecting itself in the work of the more intelligent Irish writers.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

# Books in Brief

*Conditioned Reflexes.* By Ivan Pavlov. Oxford University Press. $9.

The first authorized translation, made by G. V. Anrep, one of his students, of Pavlov's lectures on his own and related studies in the field of cerebral physiology by the method of conditioned signal reflexes. The lectures cover the researches on dogs done in the laboratory of the Russian Academy of Sciences and the Institute of Experimental Medicine over a period of twenty-five years. Although Pavlov's expressed scientific interest is that of the physiologist, he does not fail to estimate the far-reaching psychological significance of his work for the theory of learning and the processes of discrimination. He is aware that the phrase "conditioned reflex" has become the shibboleth of an American school of psychology known as Behaviorism, and it is particularly in relation to this domestic doctrine that the report of Pavlov's elaborate researches, accompanied by cautious if subtle theorizing, may be recommended to American students of animal and human behavior.

*Social Sciences and Their Interrelations.* Edited by William F. Ogburn and Alexander Goldenweiser. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

Another attempt in the direction of the stock-merger of the sciences of human and public affairs. This volume contains short essays by a galaxy of such famous names as Dewey, Lowie, Sapir, Boas, Seligman, Hale, Pound, Barnes, Hobson, Cohen, Montague, and others. Each essay considers the interrelation of two of the so-called sciences, and there are as many essays as there are combinations of six departments taken two at a time—with initial and terminal statements of the general field and significance of social science. Perusal of this symposium suggests that the chief problem which the social sciences face, though not here stated, is the dilemma which Ben Franklin so tersely phrased when advising the thirteen colonies concerning union.

*Dreams.* By Percy G. Stiles. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

Dr. Stiles, a layman in psychology, here publishes some extracts from an illustrated diary of his dreams which he has kept for a number of years. The book makes very pleasant reading in spite of the fact that the orthodox Freudian will chortle with unholy glee over the ease with which some of the

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dreams can be given interpretations much less innocent than those suggested by the author.

*The Problem of Lay-Analysis.* By Sigmund Freud. Introduction by S. Ferenczi. Brentano's. $2.50.

In Austria the practice of psychoanalysis is restricted by law to licensed physicians. Freud here gives his reasons for believing that while a physician without proper training in psychoanalysis may be a dangerous practitioner of the art, a medical layman dealing only with cases whose disorder has been certified by a physician to be not organic may perform a useful service. The argument is presented in the guise of a series of conversations with an outsider, and in the course of it Freud gives a popular exposition of his theories.

*The Best Plays of 1926-27.* Edited by Burns Mantle. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

The eighth annual issue of Mr. Mantle's useful compilation. Besides condensed versions of the ten "Best Plays" the volume contains complete casts of all plays of the year and much other information concerning the current drama.

*Sir Charles Sedley, 1639-1701.* By V. De Sola Pinto. Boni and Liveright. $6.

The first extended biography of the poet, dramatist, wit, and man of fashion who is now known to most readers only as the author of one lyric (Not, Celia, that I juster am) and, perhaps, as the hero of one very scandalous anecdote recounted in Pepys. This agreeably written book is the result of conscientious researches and is addressed both to scholars and to that part of the general public which is interested in scholarship.

# Moving Pictures

## Charlie Chaplin

LOOKING at our great and incomparable Charlie Chaplin I feel like patting myself on the back. Did I not argue as long as fifteen years ago that the ordinary "legitimate" actors should be barred from the motion picture? It was of these actors that I said in 1913: "Are they aware that the cinematograph play is the most abstract form of the pantomime? Do they realize that if there is any stage on which the laws of movement should reign supreme, it is the cinematograph stage? If they did they would not have monopolized the cinematograph play, but would have left it to the dancers, clowns, and acrobats who do know something about the laws of movement." A few years later came Charlie, the perfect clown and acrobat, and by way of confirming my dictum at once leapt to such heights of artistic distinction that ever since there have been only two kinds of motion-picture actors: Charlie Chaplin and the rest. The classification is based not only on the singularity of Chaplin's genius, but equally so on the singularity of his methods as an actor. This fact, however, is often ignored. Chaplin's mannerisms, the peculiar traits of the screen character he has created, have been imitated and plagiarized times without number. On the other hand, his consistent pantomime acting (I cannot recall a single picture in which Chaplin moves his lips as if actually speaking), his emphasis on expressive movement (his gait, for instance), and his puppet-like, essentially non-realistic treatment of his role—these are the characteristics of Chaplin's acting which have found but few imitators, and certainly none to show anything like Chaplin's appreciation of their meaning and importance.

In "The Circus," his latest picture, Chaplin is again at his very best. His inexhaustible comic imagination has provided the picture with a more than ample supply of side-splitting "stunts" of characteristic Chaplinesque quality, the most strik-


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ing of these being the scenes at Noah's Ark and the lion's cage. The "big scene" of the picture, in which Charlie performs some amazing feats in tight-rope walking (with the help of an attached wire), is funny too, but suffers somewhat from the attempt to join the wistful buffoonery of Charlie's little trick to the cruder and different fun of his helplessness in disengaging himself from the attacking monkeys. And through all these mirth-provoking scenes there flits the unforgettable image which has so endeared itself to the world—the image of a childishly simple and quixotically noble Pierrot who occasionally borrows the impishness of Harlequin.

In "The Circus" Chaplin's is a solo performance. The rest of the actors are not more than competent, and the direction of the picture as a whole lacks distinction. This last feature is disappointing. Chaplin showed his mettle as director in "The Woman of Paris," and though there is no place for realism of this kind in his own grotesqueries, there is place in them for something which he is preeminently fitted to accomplish. His style of acting and all his dramatic upbringing proclaim Chaplin for what he actually is; a superb vaudeville comedian. We have motion pictures that are equivalent to comedy and drama. But we still have no motion-picture vaudeville, i. e., entertainment shunning illusionist effects and making its appeal direct to the audience simply and solely as entertainment. I cannot help hoping that perhaps one day Chaplin will turn his mind to this richly promising field of experimental effort. There is waiting for him a full-size job worthy of his genius.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

# Drama

## Rights for Men

IN "These Modern Women" (Eltinge Theater) Lawrence Langner has cast a critical eye in the direction of a certain type of "modern" woman and written a somewhat argumentative play likely to be the subject of acrimonious discussion between the male members of the audience and such of the ladies as feel that the cap is intended to fit their heads. Mr. Langner is at some pains to make it clear that he holds no brief for the old-fashioned female. Woman's place, he seems ready to admit, is not any more exclusively than man's "in the home," and virtue in women is much the same thing as virtue in men. But "modernity," he would have us understand, has, like all other religions, its pharisees and its hypocrites. The cant of "freedom," of "self-expression," and of "social service" may serve as well as any other cant to mask a complacent egotism and to impose upon the simple-minded victims who do not know how to protest against the persuasive eloquence of the self-righteous who happen to have all the good new words on their side.

For his heroine Mr. Langner has chosen the supposedly brilliant wife of a plodding novelist. Because she earns about one-twentieth of their combined income she calls herself "economically independent," and because she goes as a "Miss" she is able to forget that her husband's name is the only thing she does not take from him. Motherhood is a great experience; she grows lyrical upon the subject of the "ecstasy of pain" which she underwent at the hospital and even threatens to write a book on the subject; but she turns the boy over to a very advanced nurse who "psycho-analyzes him every night instead of telling him bed-time stories." When she finds herself enamored of a visiting English author she persuades herself that her husband ought to have a little affair with his secretary in order to leave her free, but she cannot understand why he, who is perfectly willing to let her do as she likes, can see no particular reason for continuing to support her while she is living with someone else. Claiming all the privileges of complete independence, she is nevertheless dependent enough when it is profitable to be so and she is, in a word, not unlike certain of those feminists who, forgetting that special favors must be paid for, rail against the decline of chivalry at the same time that they advocate the abolition of all distinctions between the sexes.

Mr. Langner's play is frankly devoted to the exposition of its thesis, but it is both dramatically conceived and logical in the working out of its problem, for the easy compromise solution is avoided and the wife, robbed of her husband by another type of "modern woman"—the secretary, who is perfectly willing to give herself to the husband but equally determined to hold him if she can—is left to meditate in her empty house the perennial difficulties involved in the problem of eating your cake and having it too. Personally I have no universal formula for the solution of modern marital difficulties and I presume that Mr. Langner has none either. I am not at all certain that some couples may not get along very nicely on a program which includes occasional and frank adultery on both sides, but I am at least equally convinced that there are others which find the arrangement unsatisfactory. Probably even the most enlightened age will discover that marriage is still an individual problem, and Mr. Langner's play is a very interesting working out of one such problem. Incidentally it is very well acted, with Chrystal Herne as the wife, Minor Watson as the husband, Helen Flint as the secretary, and Alan Mowbray as the visiting Englishman.

Among other recent events may be mentioned "Sunny Days" (Imperial Theater), which is an elaborate but thoroughly conventional musical comedy with Frank McIntyre, and "Rain or Shine" (Cohan Theater), which is quite the brightest, pleasantest, and merriest of the recent song-and-dance entertainments. This latter is all about life in a circus as Jim Tully very decidedly did not see it, and it is graced by that particularly ingratiating young comedian Joe Cook. Mr. Cook is extremely versatile—besides being master of a certain air of contented and pleasing imbecility he can perform a great variety of circus stunts quite well—but his great gift is for a certain likability which to my mind at least is conspicuously absent from some of our most popular comedians. He is surrounded by a very active company, and one of the scenes—a practical realization of an invention of the sort popularized by Rube Goldberg's cartoons—convulses the audience.

A new stock company containing several well-known names—Violet Heming, Vivian Martin, and Robert Warwick—has opened at the Cosmopolitan at popular prices. Unfortunately the first offering was that mild and now very much faded much-ado-about-nothing called "Mrs. Dane's Defense." Adopting the technique of the almost forgotten mystery cinema "thrillers," "The Silent House" (Morosco Theater) presents a melodrama incoherent, ingenious, nerve-racking, but none the less enjoyable.

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What are the fundamental personality types?
Mar. 15—REVITALIZING THE CITIZEN
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# International Relations Section

## Baron Hatvany

By EMIL LENGYEL

ON February 1 the Royal Hungarian Tribunal of Budapest sentenced Baron Ludwig von Hatvany to seven years in prison and a fine of $100,000. He had been found guilty of slandering the Hungarian nation in several articles published seven years ago in the daily paper of the political emigres, *A Jovo*. Baron Hatvany is a Jew and a member of one of the richest families of Central Europe, known as the Rothschilds of Hungary.

During the war Baron Hatvany was editor of *Pesti Naplo*, which under his management was a liberal and pacifist journal. He was highly regarded in the Karolyi Party and he participated with Count Karolyi in the preliminary negotiations of the armistice.

Baron Hatvany fled Hungary during Bela Kun's regime and settled in Vienna where he rented the chateau of the Hapsburg dynasty in Lainz. He was for a time the center of what might have developed into a political action of the emigres. The founding of *A Jovo* was a part of a larger scheme having in view the overthrow of the white terror in Hungary. The articles for which Baron Hatvany has been sent to prison dealt with the atrocities of the white terror and have been fully confirmed by later disclosures. His book "The Wounded Land," published in German and translated into other languages, was the literary sensation of Central Europe. Although it is one of the most sympathetic accounts of Hungarian history the book was excluded from Hungary. The heads of the present political regime in Budapest hate Hatvany almost as much as they do Karolyi. They cannot forgive Hatvany because in spite of his great wealth he became a radical and a pacifist.

Quite recently Baron Hatvany made inquiries through his friends in Budapest as to whether there would be any difficulty about his return to Hungary. He was very anxious to work in familiar surroundings. Some weeks ago he received word from a friend whose cordial relations with the Prime Minister, Count Bethlen, are well known, to the effect that it was safe for Baron Hatvany to go back to his native land. This friend intimated that it might be necessary, for the sake of appearance, to stand trial, in which case he would be acquitted. Thereupon he left Vienna for Hungary. As soon as he passed the frontier he was arrested.

Political trials in Hungary are decided by the Government through the courts. The opinion of liberal circles in Budapest is that the trial was part of a scheme to please the anti-Semitic die-hards and at the same time to blackmail the Hatvanys. They will, it is thought, be willing to pay the fine of $100,000 in order to have the jail term reduced.

This is only one of many political trials which remind one of the most critical days of the white terror in Hungary. The other day the Tribunal of Pecs sentenced Joseph Magyar, editor of a labor newspaper, and Joseph Pecsi, former town councillor, to twelve years in prison for trifling political offenses. Julius Abonyi, a staff correspondent of *Magyar Hirlap*, was sentenced to fourteen days in prison for a book review in which he took exception to the statement of the author of a history textbook that the Jews are responsible for Hungary's present plight.

## The South African Native Worker

By RUTH S. ALEXANDER

*Cape Town, South Africa*

WHERE two gray, paper-strewn streets meet, in a dingy slum area, stands the Workers' Hall, the headquarters in Johannesburg of the I. C. U., that is to say the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union of South Africa. It is just opposite the great gray barracks where the natives go to get the passes which in Johannesburg they must always be ready to produce, day or night, the instant they are asked for them by the police. Here the natives fresh from the kraal squat on the ground in their gay blankets, and stare from dark, limpid eyes in uncomprehending terror at the clanging trams and hooting cars that go past them in an endless stream. Here the native, no longer afraid of either, knowing of the first that he may not avail himself of them, and of the second that it is only for him to clean the magic things or fill them up with petrol, comes to have his pass renewed, and on his way back he is more than likely to turn into the Workers' Hall for a minute or two. He may stroll around the big meeting-hall and admire the walls, painted from end to end by a young native enthusiast, with a portentously bearded Karl Marx in the place of honor, and a series of politico-propagandist cartoons, crude but brightly colored, stretching away on either side. He may go and read in the library, where the severe though instructive collection sent out by the I. L. P. from England awaits him. Or he may, if he has any complaint against his employer, report it to the complaints office, where he will be heard with sympathy and intelligence, and as a rule helped swiftly and effectively.

All this, of course, provided that he is a member of the I. C. U. By this time a considerable proportion of the natives working in Johannesburg must be so. For the organization, which includes all the principal towns as well as many smaller places, has a membership of over 30,000. It has funds sufficient to take up the case of a member who has a grievance, and to bring it into the law courts if necessary. It follows that its complaints department has acquired a real importance, and that the threat it holds out of unwelcome publicity does act as a brake on the greed or ill-temper of unscrupulous employers, who often take advantage of the ignorance or entire illiteracy of their native employees to tamper with their passes, which are also business contracts, for their own advantage.

It cannot be supposed that a community in which the natives have hitherto quiescently fulfilled the role of the serfs under a feudal regime will approve of the aims and activities of the I. C. U. Far from it. On this issue the parties are united as they are on no other. The Labor Party, that curious anomaly, will have none of it; the Chamber of Mines and other big employers of natives are openly hostile to it; while farmers, whose native laborers have been the worst-paid and most docile of all the native workers, view it with a disfavor which has nothing to do with party. A meeting of the Kroonstad District Farmers' Union recently decided to ask a forthcoming agricul-

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# THE Menorah Journal

## NOW A MONTHLY

### IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE AND FORTHCOMING

MORE SCRAPS OF PAPER — *Albert Jay Nock*
Minority persecution continues in Eastern Europe despite the Versailles Treaty clauses which are supposed to protect minorities. The former editor of *The Freeman* realistically analyzes the economic roots of this persecution and sees little hope for political action.

REDRESS FOR MINORITIES — *Henry Noel Brailsford*
What are the possibilities of political action to protect European minorities? How can world opinion be used to compel observance of the Treaty? The distinguished English publicist and editor replies to Mr. Nock.

BRANDEIS IN ZIONISM — *Jacob de Haas*
The man closest to the Supreme Court Justice throughout his leadership of the Zionist movement sums up the work of Mr. Brandeis in a remarkably informative article.

A RABBI TAKES STOCK — *Solomon Goldman*
Orthodoxy and Reform, says this Cleveland Rabbi, have both failed of their tasks. He attempts to answer two questions: What does religion hold for the modern Jew? On what basis should he reorganize his religious life?

WILL SCIENCE CHANGE OUR MORALS? — *Bertrand Russell*
Science has changed religion for the modern man. What changes will it bring about in his ethical concepts? Mr. Russell at his most lucid, on a subject of primary importance.

BIBLE INTO DRAMA — *Gilbert Gabriel*
The dramatic critic of the *New York Sun* discusses modern stage treatment of biblical subjects, with reference to plays by Werfel, O'Neill and others.

OCHS OF THE TIMES — *Silas Bent*
On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, the man who built the great respectable newspaper of our day is subjected to a keen biographical and critical study by the author of *Ballyhoo.*

THE SOCIOLOGICAL CONCEPTION OF JEWISH HISTORY — *Simon Dubnow*
The leading contemporary Jewish historian explains the dominant concept of his *World History of the Jewish People,* soon to be published in English.

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE WANDERING JEW — *Lion Feuchtwanger*
Brilliant, witty causeries satirizing Anti-Semitism by the author of *Power.* Suppressed by the German Government during the war, these Conversations appear now for the first time in English.

THE RUSSIAN JEWISH STATE THEATER — *Louis Lozowick*
Mr. Lozowick writes of what he saw on a recent trip to Moscow. The latest and most dependable news of an interesting experiment in the drama you can obtain.

A RENAISSANCE IN ITALY — *Herbert Solow*
In the classic land of Sephardic decay, the followers of Alfonso Pacifici reassert the Jew's capacity for survival. Mr. Solow reports a colorful chapter in modern Jewish history.

FICTION, POETRY, PLAYS
Among those whose work will appear during 1928 are Jean-Richard Bloch and Paul Morand (France), I. Babel (Russia), Franz Werfel (Austria), Charles Reznikoff, Lionel Trilling, Louis Berg, Ludwig Lewisohn, Kenneth Fearing, and others, both noted and new.

BOOK REVIEWS
Is there such a thing as Jewish opinion? MENORAH reviews by competent critics and scholars express the rapidly crystallizing views of American Jews on modern life and letters, in addition to providing the most strenuous test for books by and about Jews.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD
Louis Fischer in Russia, Louis Lozowick in Germany, Ludwig Lewisohn in Paris, Gershon Agronsky in Constantinople, others in Berlin, London, Warsaw, Vienna, Kiev, Riga, Moscow, Vilna, Kovno, and Jerusalem keep MENORAH readers informed of developments in politics, art, music, and letters.

ART INSERTS
An eight page portfolio each month, reproducing selected works of important modern artists, with brief comment by competent critics: Jacob Epstein in January, Israel Paldi in February; Adolf Feder, Leopold Gottlieb, Leon Kroll, Chana Orloff, Max Pollack to come.

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tural congress "to consider the best steps to be taken by farmers to combat the influence of the I. C. U." Two of the associations belonging to the union had taken a resolution to the effect "that every member of a farmer's association who has natives on his farm who are members of the I. C. U. should give them notice to leave immediately and that their passes be marked 'I. C. U.' and that no farmer who belongs to the association should employ such natives." And when some members asked how they were to tell members of the I. C. U., since the natives, naturally enough, it would seem, often denied being members of it when questioned, the reply was "that as soon as natives joined the I. C. U. they would be recognized as they then became impertinent and lazy."

That reply, in its simple brutality, gives in a word the mental attitude of the white man in South Africa to which the inception and organization of the I. C. U. is the inevitable reply. The minority which does not share in that attitude may not approve of every public utterance of I. C. U. leaders, but it cannot but sympathize with their resentment and wish well to their organization. The whole trend of legislation and of public feeling on the part of the white community as a whole has made a race-conscious combination of the natives and colored people of the country both natural and necessary in their own interest. It has made natural, too, the distinctive feature of the I. C. U., and the one which has aroused the greatest suspicion and resentment against them—their determination to run their own affairs entirely by themselves. Recently, at the end of a conference of some of their members, they went to a local hotel and asked to have a dinner arranged. The request was refused in contemptuous terms, and featured, next morning, in a well-known daily as an amusing item, the cream of the jest being that a table-cloth and napkins had been asked for. Against the intolerable assumptions which make such a report possible, and against the economic exploitation which is its concomitant the educated natives are now definitely in revolt, and such is their bitterness that it is no longer easy for them to feel friendly toward any white man or to believe in his sincerity if he offers them friendship.

What is to be the future of the I. C. U.? It is already a power in the land, and the pressure of legislation, administration, and public feeling that will undoubtedly be brought to bear upon it, while it may drive its activities underground, will do nothing to retard its development. The natives of South Africa, like all oppressed peoples, are afraid; but for some time now they have been more afraid not to combine against their oppressors than to encounter their anger as a result of such combination. The I. C. U. is affiliated with the Amsterdam International, and up to the present has been peaceful enough in its methods. Whether it will always remain so rests largely with white South Africa.

## Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chile" and Mexico: "An Interpretation," has been living in Mexico City for several years. He was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*.

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ALEXANDER BAKSHY has for years been prominent in England and America as a critic of the drama and the cinema.

EMIL LENGYEL is a Hungarian journalist now living in the United States.

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